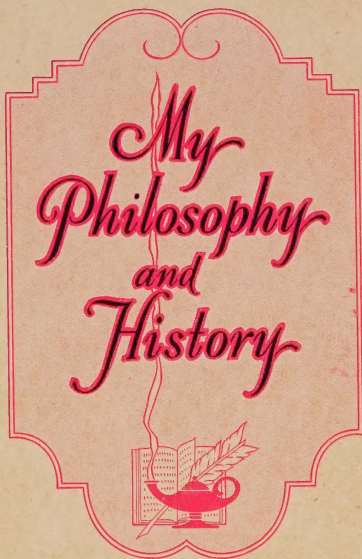


*My
Philosophy
and
History*



L. M. ZIMMERMAN

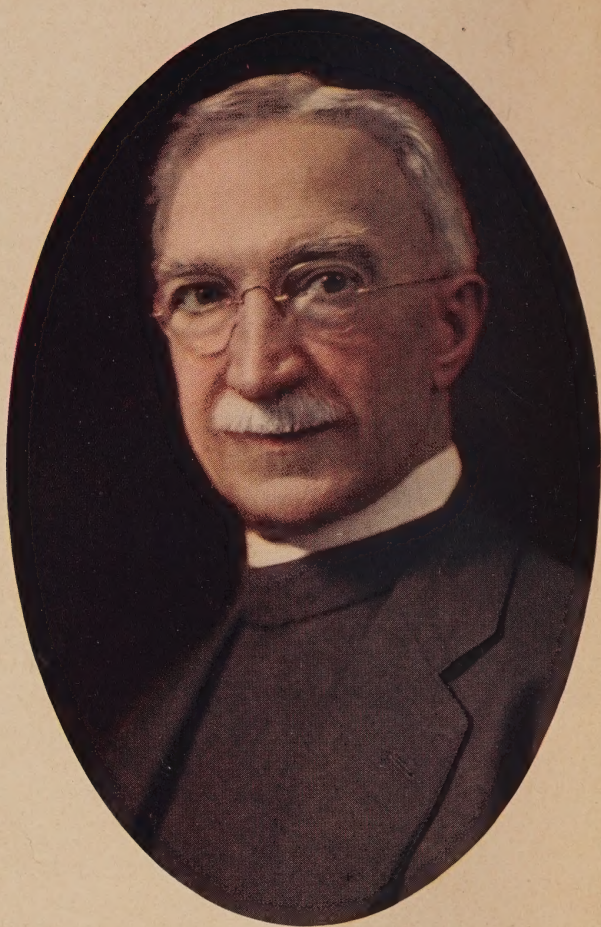


L. M. Zimmerman.

BALTIMORE--WASHINGTON

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There are dainty little flowers
Which with others make a wreath,
And we find great vessels floating
With but water-drops beneath.
So it may be that these verses,
A philosophy of mine,
Will help bear some trav'lers' burdens—
Aid in making lives divine.



Sincerely
L. M. Zimmerman,

WHAT CHRISTMAS SHOULD MEAN

Bells at Christmas ring out clearly
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Which should mean a constant living
 Of the same by deed and pen.
In the Home, the State, the Nation
 Everywhere throughout the year,
All should strive to be a blessing
 Of good will and loving cheer.

There are many ways of helping
 Weary brethren on the road,
Just a bit of praise and kindness
 Oft makes light a heavy load.
May the triumph of the Gospel
 Hatred from all hearts release,
That all classes be a rival
 For good will and lasting peace.

Let us then before our Maker
 Bow in pray'r on bended knee,
That the unity of nations
 Fall in line with God's decree.
May true brotherhood and kindness
 Recognize each one's just right,
That in God's own righteous dealings
 Love may all classes unite.

FACING NEW YEAR EASTWARD

Ev'ry day should be a new year
With our faces Eastward turned,
Tow'rd the morn of new adventure
Lest life's blessings should be spurned.
At the open gateway beckons
Opportunity for all,
Urging past to be forgotten
As we follow God's clear call.

Thus each one can start all over
For a better life each day,
Facing sunshine and the shadows
Turning from mistakes away.
It's but folly to lug burdens
From the days that have gone by,
When God beckons us to vict'ry
Off'ring help as our ally.

Don't expect all will be perfect,
There'll be dark days here and there,
But by doing best that's in you
You can bravely all things bear.
Time's too short to spend in worry,
Let your life by time be graced,
Go ye forward with assurance
Faith alert and fear effaced.

YOUR FIELD OF LIFE

Ev'ry life's a field for culture,
Days are time we plant the seed,
Moments come as fragrant flowers,
Hours grow the grain or weed.
Make your field a waving harvest,
Let no quarters go to waste,
Make each week a seven acre
Of a life that's pure and chaste.

CRADLES OF AMBITION

Oft the cradles of ambition
Are the graveyards of despair,
Where the disappointed workmen
Lack the faith to further dare.
But the greatest heroes ever,
Came up out of sore defeat,
Men who faced severest battles
But who never knew retreat.

LO, THERE'S STILL A HIGHER CREST

Always strive in your achievements
For a great and noble goal,
Let your aspirations lead you
To enlarge the manliest role.
There's room plenty, for improvement
Even though you've done your best;
After climbing highest mountains
Lo, there's still a higher crest.

PASSING SHIPS

There are ships that pass at midnight
As they did long years ago,
But asleep within the cabin
Men will fail to see them go.
So it is with great occasions
Which like ships bear on our fate,
Some alas have eyes wide open
When it is a bit too late.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

Each one picks part in life's drama,
Hero, villain, or a clown,
But rehearsing as a villain
None such can expect renown.

BE BIGGER THAN YOUR JOB

To be greater than one's sal'ry,
To be bigger than one's job,
Will prepare for something larger,
Be he banker or a snob.

A WORTHWHILE FRONTISPIECE

If you're rich in love and service
In humility and peace,
Then for millionaire's edition
You're a worthwhile frontispiece.

YOUR COMMENCEMENT DAY

Rosy dreams and radiant visions
Thrill the youths, Commencement day,
As they cross another threshold
In adventure on life's way.
Dreams must now be changed to service,
Visions given hands and feet,
Goals should lead to faith triumphant
When life's work is all complete.

Observe then your own and others
Conduct, everywhere you go,
By contrast be clean and honest
Not a braggadocio.
Persevere and be unselfish,
Live a life that's well worth while,
Stand by justice, truth and mercy,
Go when needed, second mile.

THE VALE OF FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

Nero's name the dog is given,
Felix with the cat we link,
Paul the pris'ner's name is honored
When our Pauls begin to think.
Greatness hence is more than station
Filled by tyrants of the past,
For their mem'ries long have faded
In the shadows ages cast.

IF IT HELPED TO WORRY

If it helped a bit to worry
Then there might be some excuse,
But the fun'ral face of sadness
Is of Christian joy misuse;
Such not only dig their own graves
But play pall-bearer beside.
Oh look pleasant, smile and cheer up,
Trust in God and follow Guide.

THE BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY

Some may sneer at public worship,
Criticize, abuse the Church,
But for youth's best life and culture
Where, oh where else will you search?
Children growing up in church-life
Spending there much of their time,
Are the bulwark of our country—
Not incentors of world's crime.

TALKING OVER AGREEMENTS

Meeting just to talk agreements
By nations or diff'rent men,
Would change much of war to friendship
In words spoken or by pen.
There is always much in common
When we truly seek for peace,
And we clasp the hand of friendship
As good will we each increase.

THE GREATEST MONUMENTS

There are monuments unnumbered
Placed along life's great highway,
But the greatest are not statues
Or great buildings that decay.
In the lives and hearts of people
Where great truths have deep been laid,
There the monuments are lasting
Like the Home with hands not made.

A LIFE OF CONSECRATION

There's a life of living only
Just to eat, and sleep and rest,
Such a living's none the better
Than the animal at best.
But a life of consecration
To the will of God resigned,
Is a life of love that labors
In the service of mankind.

WHEN THE STORM IS OVER

When tempest'ous storms are over
And the sun in brightness shines,
You forget past rain and thunder
As with work your thought entwines.
So forget yesterday's sadness,
Work today while time doth last,
Trusting God your Heav'nly Father
As on Him you sorrows cast.

IF YOU'D MEET WITH SUCCESS

What's the use of always whining
That another's got the gold?
What's the gain from always knocking
That another has the fold?
Cows have milk, but they don't give it—
Someone else must get the milk,
So if you would wear silk clothing
Payment must be made for silk.

Stones of course obstruct life's highway
Which sometimes injure soft toes,
And in business there are fellows
Who're not friends but bitter foes,
But keep on and whistle sweetly
Going out to land the haul,
If you're honest and industrious
Your returns will not be small.

So no matter what's your calling
If you'd meet with marked success,
You must hustle and go after
Business you'd like to possess.
With the goods and prompt deliv'ry
And a constant business tact,
You'll succeed where others whimper
As the people you attract.

SATANIC FOMENT

If we saw our neighbor's failings
From his standpoint through his eyes,
Likely we would be more lenient
And our judgments harsh revise.
Of one blood God made all nations
And He's Father over all,
Who would have all be true children—
Oh God! help us heed Thy call!

Whence then comes the awful hatred
That's so often manifest?
Whence the envy and suspicion
Found at times in human breast?
Oh, 'tis but satanic doing—
He sows seed of discontent,
He's the one who makes the rupture
And makes bitterness foment.

Would that Jew and Gentile people,
Catholic and Protestant,
Might think more of true relation
As in love God's praise they chant!
Then there'd be more understanding
Of each other's heav'nly worth,
And less of satanic foment
Scattered over God's own earth.

ROSEBUDS

There are rosebuds in the garden
Which attract the passerby,
Then they open, bloom and wither
As the petals fade and die.
But the rosebuds in God's garden
Of the youth and maidens fair,
Are God's sacred chosen flowers—
Injure them! let no man dare.

THE COMMON LAW

Some who violate the statutes
Are those needing laws the most,
Who get best protection from them
Yet they violate and boast.
The great school of youth and midlife
Is example set by all,
And as that example's practiced
Will the nation stand or fall.

WHAT IS YOUR CODE

Laws will not solve all our problems,
Ev'ryone must build his code,
Codes of honor in professions
Lest our characters corrode.
Mere loud boasting is all nonsense,
What's your life in word and deed?
With self-discipline and justice
You'll for future sow good seed.

PREMATURE PUBLICITY

The nightmare of many rulers,
And the "poison in the pot,"
Is the premature announcement
Of the rumors someone got.
Oft 'tis malice that divulges
Secret things between best friends,
Until Satan gets in action
As he discord foully sends.

BAD COMPANY WITH BOOKS

There's a fellowship with people
Which at times leads some astray,
But few think of books as evil
That may lead from God away.
Yet 'tis true that oft good people
Have from truth been turned aside,
All because bad books were studied
Which did not soul food provide.

Each one then may well be cautious
Lest he blindly go astray,
From the path of early training
When he sang the "Happy Day."
Why experiment with poisons
Or put fingers in the fires,
At the risk of soul-peace losing
All for which Satan conspires.

THE EAST WINDOW OUTLOOK

Does some trif'ling cause distress you?

Is life really not worth while?

Is adventure only failure?

Can't you give another smile?

Get away from Western window,

And look out tow'rd dawning East,

There you'll find volumes of glory

Upon which your eyes may feast.

Why sit facing tow'rd the alley

When in front is lighted street,

Why sit down and nurse your troubles

And as weakling meet defeat?

Life is sweet and well worth living

And all may rich treasures find,

Both for present and the future

If they truly are inclined.

Then look out from Eastern window

Get a diff'rent view of things,

There are lots of loving people

Even though they haven't wings.

Look for virtues in your children

Help make home a paradise,

Get together in your business

And with love others entice.

SHARP-SHOOTING CRITICS

Public men in public places
Have no easy job at best,
They must tackle many problems
Where they're put to every test.
Critics come with their sharp-shooting
But no hero runs away,
Rather does he find a program
Promising a brighter day.

THE SPECTACULAR

The spectacular is thrilling
And to many folks appeals,
Thus the glitter and romantic
Figure oft in lavish deals.
Roaring crowds and fev'rish gath'rings
Noise that shakes the very walls,
Often are but bursting bubbles
When at last the curtain falls.

WHEN RESTING FROM DAY'S LABOR

When you're resting from day's labor
Then in home be king and queen,
Whether clad in coarse-spun garments
Or attired in velveteen.
To be clean and sweet and loving,
Though the home may humble be,
Will be just another Eden
If you've got but toast and tea.

WEAR THE VICTOR'S CROWN

Some are harsh and unforgiving
But if God tow'rd them thus dealt,
They would sorely feel repentant
And in tears their hearts would melt.

God's forgiveness is conditioned
On the attitude we bear,
Tow'rd our enemies and others
As with Christ's life we compare.

"Even as I have forgiven,"
Is Christ's plan for you and me,
And that we may just be like Him
Is Christ's earnest loving plea.

Selfishness must be uprooted
Before Christians we can be;
If we're harsh and unforgiving
Conscience can't be calm and free.

Bury then all hateful feelings
Change to smiles the ugly frown,
Let the Christ control your actions,
And you'll wear the victor's crown.

OIL OF KINDNESS

If you'd stop a hinge from creaking
Just a drop or two of oil,
Will ease up the grating nuisance
Without making a turmoil.
So when stopping bitter feelings
Use the oil of kindness free,
And for happiness and good will
It will prove a recipe!

'TIS BETTER TO KEEP QUIET

There's a ministry in silence
That is often for the best,
For 'tis better to keep quiet
Than break up the home love-nest.
Let the other fellow grumble
Even let him have mad rule;
For 'tis better to keep quiet
Than to prove one's self a fool.

THE BETTER SLANT

Words are uttered without thinking
Often said but seldom meant,
That break up a lifelong friendship
Which wise caution could prevent.
Learn the folly then from others
Always get the better slant,
Then you'll conquer your opponent
And his enmity supplant.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE

Things endorsed in early childhood
And sanctioned as being cute,
Oft in future years cause heartaches
Mid contentions and dispute.
Discipline and not mere goodness
In the home must have some sway,
Lest the parents by indulgence
Lead their own children astray.

OUR TEACHERS

Sunday school and day school teachers
We're alas prone to forget,
Those who served us in our childhood
Unto whom we're all in debt.
Oh the patience of those teachers
When we worried them half sick,
With our noise and inattention
And our prankish childish trick!

But today we bless and honor
Those who helped our lives to mould,
Those who stamped us with impressions
Of the right we should uphold.
And some day high up in heaven
We'll before them gladly rise
And give them our sweetest praises—
Some, we'd even canonize.

BASE INGRATITUDE

Few things pain one more severely
Than ingratitude from friends,
One whom you have helped and favored
Basely turns and your heart rends.
But 'tis only by great sorrow
That we're perfected at last,
So we'll take our bitter portion
Though at times we stand aghast.

THE OPEN DOOR

For sweet ministries of service
Doors are always open wide,
Handicapped are many people
For whom we can help provide.
In life's shadowed places gather
Aged, sick, and weary sons,
To whom we should bring God's sunshine
By our gifts in their dungeons.

THE SALESMAN AND CUSTOMER

Don't neglect or be indiff'rent
To the customer who buys;
He's the one who spends the money
Though he may not be so wise.
There's no use in being haughty
Just because you're on the floor,
For 'tis easy for the buyer
To step in another store.

IN THE HOSPITAL

God's blest angels still are serving
In hospitals where they do
A great work for suff'ring patients
With new hopes of health imbue.
Yes, the doctors and the nurses—
The relief which each one brings,
Often leaves a blessed feeling
Like the healing of "His wings."

Skillful nurses and physicians
Watching suff'ers night and day,
Doing all to help relieve them
In the things they do and say,
Is so diff'rent from our Master
Who upon the cross did cry,
As *alone* He suffered torture,
When to God He cried out, "Why!"

But as God did not forsake Him,
So He does not you forsake,
Rather would He have you glory
As you of His love partake.
So cheer up dear suff'ring patient
Count your blessings where you are,
Be a soldier that's courageous—
God has blessings for each scar.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

Destinies of little children
Upon parents largely rest,
Even when the new born infant
Lies upon its mother's breast.
To instil religious teaching
By example and precept,
Is a duty of each parent
Which our God demands be kept.

HEREDITY

There's an inner urge to goodness
And an inner urge to wrong,
Much depends upon the parents—
Are they weak, or are they strong.
Hence the need in all seed-planting
That the very best be sought,
That the future be considered
With the wisest of forethought.

WHAT'S THE TITLE?

What's the title you are giving
Children whom in world you bring?
Is it clean and moral-legal
Such that they your praise will sing?
Is the heritage you're giving
Guarantee of all that's best,
Are example, blood and conduct
Such as stand severest test?

ARE WE ONLY CLAY AND WATER?

“Eighty-five per cent is water
And fifteen per cent is clay,”
This we’re told is each one’s make-up
So we’re *mud* as some portray.
But when mother kissed us children
Were her lips but mud to ours?
Were there only muddy atoms
When our lips met in home bowers?

WHAT’S THEIR REMEDY?

Anyone can be destructive
Tearing down what others wrought,
But to be constructive builders
Requires men of wise forethought.
Let them give us something better
Is our challenge to those men,
Who are all the while attacking
Bible, Church and God with pen.

What have such instead to offer
What for betterment of race?
What for youth and growing manhood,
What have they to give in place?
What have they to offer children
Or the aged nearing goal,
What’s their comfort in bereavement,
Oh, ’tis God Who doth console.

BLIND LEADERS

Some are saying God our Father
Is but energy and force,
But a god like that is pagan
Which can only bring remorse.
Such men know not God as Father.
With a heart of wond'rous love,
Who gave Jesus to redeem us
That from sin we'd live above.

No, such men are but blind leaders,
Leading many youths astray,
As they're tempting them with ashes
Of the "science" of today.
To be safe and not be sorry
Is the better course to lead,
Than to risk the things essential
For a vague and broken reed.

If my faith in God my Father
Gives me comfort and soul-peace,
If it helps to lighten burdens
And my joys daily increase,
Then why not keep on believing
Trusting where I cannot see,
If I'm wrong I still have comfort
If I'm right, then all's for me.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Heaven's oft around the corner
Where some one your help may need,
Where some sick and troubled brother
You may clothe or warm or feed.
Thus you'll change distress to gladness
Helping those of low degree,
And the Lord will bless and greet you
With "ye did it unto Me."

THE ANVIL CHORUS

If you play in anvil chorus
Using hammers in your talk,
Change your knocking into praises
And enjoy the Christian's walk.
If you want to love in glory
Then begin down here below,
Here's the place to love the brethren
If to Heaven you would go.

CAMPAIGN JUDGMENT

Never judge a class or people
By political campaign,
For the worst that could be mentioned
Then is said to wound and stain.
Politics like war and famine
Often is another plague,
Which disturbs the peace of nations
Both at home and at the Hague.

MID MY SOUVENIRS

Mid my souvenirs are treasures
Richer than the costliest gem,
They are friends who kindly helped me
My life's highest tides to stem.
They have cheered me mid my sorrows
Aiding me fresh strength to gain,
They with Christ my Elder Brother
My best treasures yet remain.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS

Friendships oft are sadly broken
By remarks some one has made,
Causing just a bit suspicion
Until confidences fade.
But when friends are true and sincere
They will first be sure of facts,
Lest in heeding neighbor-gossip
There be broken friendship-pacts.

TESTED FRIENDSHIPS

Only friendships that are tested
By great troubles are worth while,
And they're worth far more than riches
To the lonely in exile.
Thus the soul outdoes its own self
Which rings true in darkest hour,
For it touches God's own glory
As it clasps our hand with pow'r.

HOW GOD VIEWS THINGS

Some take umbrage at least offense
And henceforth refuse to serve,
Then they drift from faith to doubters
As from God and Church they swerve.
Why insist upon your standards
Thinking all are wrong but you?
If you knew how God views matters
You perhaps would change your view.

GOD'S PROMISE

If we'd take God at His promise
We could all much happier be,
Even health would improve daily
To a wonderful degree.

WHY ADVERTISE FORGIVEN SINS?

Sins repented and forgiven
God forgets and buries deep.
Why then advertise and broadcast
That which God doth secret keep?

WHY GOD LOVES US

How our Father up in heaven
Loves His children everywhere,
Is a query to our reas'ning
When we all mankind compare.
Ask your mother why she loves you
And she smiles and says because,
So our Father up in heaven's
Bound also by love's strange laws.

PERSONALITY

Personality is power

With which some are gifted rare,
But it may be cultivated

In one's manners that will wear.
What the fragrance is to flowers
And the flavor is to fruit,
That's the winning pow'r of manners
Whose worth we can scarce compute.

MOTHER, GOOD AND PURE

Best of all the noble women

Is a mother good and pure,
Who the greatest pains and suff'rings
For her loved ones doth endure.
Wherefore cheer and help your mother
Making her your happy mate,
Ere distress and death o'er take her
When t'will be a sad too late.

REMEMBER GOOD OLD DADDY

In the praises kindly given

Father oft' is overlooked,
Yet in love and consecration
He is there most clearly booked.
Then remember good old Daddy
When you scatter praises 'round,
Give him flowers while he's living
Ere the shaft is on his mound.

THE CHEERY SUNSHINE

How we love the cheery sunshine
After long cold rainy days,
So bright cheery sunshine faces
Help us in so many ways.
They inspire us to press onward
To a brighter happier goal,
Giving courage to the weary
Not to play a coward's role.

WHEN THE SERMON IS ENDED

When the sermon preached is ended
And the people homeward go,
Did they hear aught from the preacher
That before they did not know?
Did the preacher get them thinking?
Did their hearts within them burn?
Did the sermon make them better?
Will they want soon to return?

TARDINESS AND VERBOSITY SQUANDER TIME

Time's abundant for performing
All important noble deeds,
When not wasted by the tardy
Who their neighbor's course impedes.
Careless keeping of appointments
Should be dealt with as a crime,
And the med'ling loafing tyrant
Should be jailed for stealing time.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

There's a voice in Holy Scriptures
That speaks softly yet aloud,
Bringing cheer and heavn'ly comfort,
Piercing every stormy cloud.
It's the voice of Jesus speaking
As we sacred writings read,
And it strengthens, helps and blesses
As the weary on it feed.

BEST COMMENTS ON BIBLE

The best comments on the Bible
Oft are made at edge of grave,
When the mind becomes more serious
And the soul in God is brave.
Youth and health and wealth and pleasure
Sometimes lead our thoughts astray,
But God's word is all the sweeter
When we near life's closing day.

HOW WE THATCH PUT

THE CROSS

When we think of Christ our Saviour
And the Cross on which He bled,
Let each ask a vital question:
Have I caused Him tears to shed?
Have I crucified my Master
And put Him to open shame,
By my stubborn will and actions
When I thus profane His name?

LEND ME YOUR BOAT

Lending boats may mean our silver
Or our hands, our feet, our voice,
As we sacrifice for others
That with us they may rejoice.
Thus the Master asked of Peter
When He said: "Lend me your boat,"
And a partnership was entered
As new hist'ry Peter wrote.

There's a partnership in lending
And when Partner is the Lord,
Man's enriched with his Creator
As two wills work in accord.
God is asking men for service
And those who obey His call,
Are the men whose deeds will linger
In the world's great Mem'ry Hall.

PUT HEART IN WORK

If your heart is in your business
And you have degree of gift,
You'll succeed in your adventure
As you heaviest burdens lift.
You'll go smiling ever forward
Be the task what ere it may,
With no thought of work it costs you
Or of what will be your pay.

CHIVALROUS RELIGION

If you truly are religious
You'll be something more than creed, .
Or a ticket of insurance
Which your fellowmen may read.
Life's a field of honor calling
That we hardships bravely face,
As with chivalry we follow
Him who hath set us the pace.

Jesus was a living Leader
Of the men who followed Him,
With a challenge for endurance
Far more than mere synonym.
So if ye would make life richer
"Choose this day whom ye will serve—"
Mammon, giving selfish pleasure,
God, who will your soul preserve?

Talking 'bout religion only
Man can never powers gain,
He must fight in faith's hard battles,
Otherwise faith is in vain.
He must work out his salvation
With a zeal inspired on high,
Then he can be all triumphant
As with conflicts he doth vie.

NO WAR FIRES OF PASSION

Men sign treaties for agreements
Then prepare for distant strife,
Until fires of evil passion
Flame up in a nation's life.
Self-respect for men and nations
Can be kept with rules for peace,
If all rulers will but tarry
Until fires of passion cease.

BE SURE BEFORE YOU MAKE A CHANGE

When your work seems hard and irksome
And you'd like to get away,
Don't forget some other fellow
May be glad to get your pay.
Some are bless'd and do not know it
So instead of finding fault,
Might be well to change your tactics
And your work proudly exalt.

Gazing off in distant pastures
May seem bright to mortal eye,
But when facts are known more clearly
Changes oft cause some to cry.
So be sure before you're leaping
That the landing will be right,
Lest the change you think of making
Leave you in a still worse plight.

YOU MAY NEVER KNOW

You may never know the value
Of a smile or kind word giv'n,
Yet you may have helped a brother
Who with deep sorrow had striv'n.
Then keep up your cheery nature
Scatter sunshine all the way,
And in heaven hosts will bless you
For the things you do and say.

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING IN THE STREET CAR

When you're riding in the street car
Don't discuss another's fault,
Play the game fairly and honest—
Think how you'd like such assault!
Others sitting near beside you
Listen to the things you say,
And report your noisy gossip
To the one whom you betray.

Why point out a single weakness?
Why not praise the virtues great?
Why forget those who have served you?
Why seek now such to berate?
But alas, it's the old story—
"Crucify" is the loud cry,
As the heartless keep on talking
And in gossip villify.

THE COST OF RIGHT CHOOSING

Moses, Egypt's heir apparent,
With sure hopes of world renown,
Chose affliction with God's people—
Not power and pleasure's crown.
Threw aside the royal purple,
Forsook comp'ny of the great,
That he might redeem his people
Helping them build freeman's state.

There's a present and a future
Which appeal to ev'ry one.
In the present there are pleasures
Which obscure the horizon
Where the higher hopes are beck'ning
To a brighter, happier day—
Egypt's pleasures last a season,
Canaan's joys live on for aye.

Have respect then to the latter
In your choices, my young friend,
Shun the present's tempting pleasures,
Life's gold is at rainbow's end.
Turn your back on Egypt's vices,
In God's wiser plans concur;
Then with Him you'll climb lone Nebo—
Angels dig your sepulchre.

TOMORROW

Some live only for "tomorrow"

Which to many never comes,
Losing all the charms of present
To increase big worldly sums.
But there's still a greater danger
In neglecting to prepare
For the future needs and comforts
At a time when all's despair.

Just a bit of surplus saving

Even though earnings be small,
Will enrich the lonely hours
When misfortunes such befall.
Many of the woes and heartaches
Could be lessened by forethought,
But's too late to have eyes opened
Once in whirlpool they are caught.

Oft expenses are the greatest

When the income is the least,
And your friends pass by in silence
Like the Levite and the priest.
Some dragged logs from Leb'non's forest,
Cleaned the dirt from Ophir's gold,
Builed temples to help others,
But worn out,—are left in cold.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

As the potter forms the vessel
From the plastic mass of clay,
Oft his work is marred in making
But he throws it not away.

Picking out the grit and gravel
Crushing it upon the wheel,
From it shapes another vessel
Stamping there perfection's seal.

Things once thrown upon the scrap heap
Now in markets bring big pay,
Why not then from social scrap heaps
Redeem souls long gone astray?

Above human clay there hover
Hands divine that scrape the hod,
And on wheels of circumstances
We are shaped by Father God.

May the Church prove God's true potter
Going down to City's slum,
Working with marred human natures
'Till God's children they become.

THE PREACHER

Preachers like all other creatures
Have some faults they should efface,
But why seek with searching effort
Even minor faults to trace?
If more knew of all the duties
Which they daily must attend,
More would serve them in God's vineyard
By the helping hands they'd lend.

BE A FRIEND TO YOURSELF

As each one must live forever
With himself by day and night,
He should be a friend that's truest
To himself with wise foresight.
Yet the wily with their tactics
Play more tricks on foolish men,
Than do av-erage magicians
On the rabbits in the glen.

A QUESTION TO PARENTS

If there were a higher standard
In the av'rage home today,
Would there be as many children
As we now see go astray?

PAUPERS MID GREAT RICHES

There are paupers mid great riches
All because they're deaf and blind,
To the riches 'round about them
Which they neither seek nor find.
Art and beauty, books and culture
All of these seem but a blank,
To such paupers mid God's riches
Who forget their God to thank.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH

There's a charm about young people
Who preserve God's given grace,
That awakens precious mem'ries
Of dear mothers we'd embrace.
Keeping clean in all their habits
Pat'ring after high ideal,
Such go forward in adventure
Fearing nothing to reveal.

Less complaints and more example
Of a higher, purer type,
Would from youth's dark-spotted pages
Many of the errors wipe.
Oh may parents, teachers, preachers
All combine to help our youth,
That by precept and example
They may teach our youth the truth.

THE PROPER CONTACT

Proper contact is essential

In controlling heedless boys,
They'll be led but not be driven
Or be treated as mere toys.

Prove your int'rest in their doings

Kindly aid them in the right,
Ask their service in your planning
And for you they'll stand and fight.

SOWING AND REAPING

Future things do not just happen,

Harvest comes from seed we sow,
Figs are not from thistles gathered
Nor does honor from vice grow.

So instead of blaming others

Let each one play fair his part,
Proving by his noble conduct
That he has an honest heart.

There's a handicap from sinning

Which repentance cannot heal,
Hence the folly of wild sowing
As such harvests do reveal.

Let each one take mental outlook

Whether after all it pays,
Let him contrast present habits
With those had in former days.

YOUTHFUL COURAGE

To step forth from unsafe customs
And be through with crowd that's wrong
Requires courage in young people
But to God such youth belong.
Abject slav'ry to wrong ideals
Will not make for best in youth,
Hence to sever from false standards
Means bold courage for the truth.

IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR MORAL BEARINGS

If you've lost your moral bearings
Start your life all o'er again,
Step across the road of folly
Follow Christ whose way is plain.
Bury past in God's forgiveness,
Free yourself from all that's wrong,
Then you'll heav'nward march with singing
God's own blessed happy song.

HOME AMUSEMENTS

Social functions, games and music
In the home are better far
Than the questionable pastimes
On the street and in the car.
Games and music relieve tension
Of the nerves at close of day,
And you'll be no less a christian
With the music and the play.

WHY GOD YEARNs FOR LOVE

God desires that all be happy
Hence He asks each one for love.
It is love within the bosom
Which gives joy like that above.
Though all others love you dearly
Yet unless you love in turn,
You will surely be unhappy,
That's why God for love doth yearn.

LIFTERS AND PULLERS

There are lifters and there're leaners
Almost everywhere you go,
There are pullers and ther're kickers
Often standing in same row.
But the lifters and the pullers
Always put the work across,
They're the builders of the future
While the others sulk and boss.

TIDYING UP YOUR CITY

Some who keep their homes in order
Are quite careless on the street,
Dropping papers, scraps and rubbish
Which the eyes of strangers meet.
As the people own the City
Each with civic pride should keep
Sidewalks clean and doorsteps tidy—
Brooms were made to sweep, to sweep.

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

Per-so-nal Evan-gel-ism

Is the Church's need today,
Christ's disciples to be faithful
Must do more than sing and pray.
Leave awhile Committee meetings,
Go in search of wand'ring sheep,
Lift the fallen, save the erring,
Yea, for lost ones even weep.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE

Love will win souls to repentance
But by force you can't souls draw,
Love attracts souls to Church worship
But you can't force them by law.
Love moulds souls into Christ's likeness
Cleansing them for God above,
Love's the way that leads to glory,
Love is God and God is love.

FREEDOM

Some with boastings are declaring
"Of restraints, we're free, we're free!"
But their rights and yours are diff'rent—
Law must limit liberty.

JUSTICE

If you want people to honor
Laws and statutes on the books,
Then the guilty must be punished
Both officials and the crooks.

IF LOVE IS TO LIVE IN MARRIAGE

At the time of an engagement
It's quite easy each to please,
Then it's thrills touched with a glamour
So that all seems done with ease.
But if love's to live in marriage,
Then by each it must be fed
With far more than gold or silver
Or fine clothes and daily bread.

Each must learn to live for other
And in common pleasures find,
Learning how to suffer calmly
While to faults they're jointly blind.
Thus they'll grow with best before them
Loving all along life's way,
Until reaching heaven's portals
Where to each they'll love convey.

LOVE

Love does not go out the window
When poverty comes in door,
Love will make a feast of little
Even though people be poor.
Love will sacrifice for others
Always hoping for the best,
And endureth with true patience,
Sheds own blood when put to test.

MAKING HOME A HEAVEN

Your apartment may be barren
With no carpet on the floor,
Yet it may be seventh heav'n
When love's waiting at the door.
If each one makes contribution
Of kind words and helpful deeds,—
These with God's own benediction
Will supply home's deepest needs.

SELF COMPLACENCE AND INDIFFERENCE

Self complacence and indiff'rence
Are twin-sisters of same blood,
For they travel close together
And together stick in "mud."
Human progress may be hind'red
More by engine than by road,
So redeem your time and priv'lege,
Be a man and bear a load.

It may be that you're a churchman
Or a business-man, or what,
Don't sit down and be a stick-fast
Placing on God's work a blot.
Forge ahead, put fire in engine,
Carry forward work assigned,
Be a hero in the conflict
As all forces are combined.

IF YOU VALUE A PROMISE

There are vows of Confirmation,
Of Baptism and Marriage,
All to which you pledged allegiance
During all your pilgrimage.
Speak not lightly then of any
Of these three soul-sacred vows;
They were promised God Almighty
Before whom all mankind bows.

If you value then a promise
Which in heaven's name you made,
You can't keep your conscience guiltless
And this sacred vow evade.
Some things may displease your fancy,
Some things may be wholly wrong,
But you're needed for God's vict'ry—
Quit you like brave ones, be strong!

Be persistent, valiant soldiers
Both in home and in the church,
Not a bunch of whining quitters,
Leaving others in the lurch.
But with courage and endurance
Do the thing you promised God—
Keep the faith and fight the battle
Walk the way your fathers trod.

THE CHARM OF EVENTIDE

Some of God's most gracious leadings
Come along at eventide,
When eternal vistas open
On soul-int'rests that abide;
Then we see how God did lead us
To the blessed peaceful day,
Who sustained and cheered and guided
And will lead us all the way.

LIFE'S INDIAN SUMMER DAY

Thank the God of all our fathers
For the Indian Summer days,
When the fruit of faithful living's
Mellowed by the ev'ning rays.
These are years of blessed mem'ries
As in grace we yet may grow,
While the God of loving mercy
Doth on us his gifts bestow.

THE ART OF YOUTHFUL LIVING

There's an art in youthful living
Which destroys the germ of age,
Does not cause undue attention
But escapes old folks dotage.
It observes rules of convention
But avoids all freakiness,
It's a life of happy living
N'er indulges in excess.

WHEN AGED, HELPLESS, ALONE!

Many people care for children
That are poor and fatherless,
Being ready to assist them
And relieve them of distress.
Yes they rightly help these dear ones
Or adopt them as their own,
But are aged ones adopted
When on selfish world they're thrown?

It is easy to give counsel
"Look out for the rainy day,"
But some lived only for others,
Some, alas got but half pay,
Some, fortune has never favored,
Some, trusted their friends and lost,
Some, their children let go helpless,
Some, no funds left to exhaust.

Oh these aged helpless creatures
Who on earth are left alone,
If we fail them mid our plenty
How shall we to God atone!
Withhold not from God's real needy,
Help that lies within thyself,
Is the bold command that's giv'n
By our loving God Himself.

THE LORD KEEPING WATCH

In the long and wakeful hours
Of the night when we're alone
We may think we are forgotten
Not so—God e'er guards "His own."
Yes, "He careth for thee," dear one
And when needing most His aid,
Then you'll hear the Saviour saying,
"It is I, be not afraid."

CONSCIOUSNESS OF GOD'S PRESENCE

Consciousness of God's real presence
Gives His children wondrous pow'r,
As they face life's serious problems
Even in the darkest hour.
Thus they march in triumph singing
Nor in sorrow do they faint,
For on clouds in dreary deserts
There bright rainbows God doth paint.

THORN BUSHES GROW ROSES

We complain because the roses
Have with them the prickly thorn,
But forget that bushes thorny
Have the brightest roses borne.
So let's count our many blessings
Writing them down one by one,
And we'll all be very happy
In the blessings we have won.

ARE YOU WONDERING WHY?

Are you wond'ring why the shadows
Are so dark across your way,
Why the suff'rings of the body
Rob you of a brighter day?
Why the pain which others cause you
Makes your life seem almost vain,
Why the losses and the troubles
Leave so much you can't explain.

Paul of old had all such trials
And once seemed anxious to die,
Rather than endure the hardness
As in prison he must lie.
But when God disclosed the meaning
Showing work which Paul could do,
Then he said, "I'll live for Christ"
And began to live anew.

So it may be you, dear reader
In your suff'ring prison cell,
Have a message for your brethren
Which your Father wants you tell.
Say with Paul amid your trials:
"For my Christ I sure will live,
Though to me death would seem better
Yet to Christ my best I'll give."

NO THORN NO ROSE

In your garden you will find,
No thorn, no rose!
Mid the flowers of mankind,
No thorn, no rose!
'Twas this changed a selfish Paul,
Gave the world a godly Paul,
And makes life worth while for all,
No thorn, no rose!

Orchards blossom after rain,
No thorn, no rose!
Somehow life's enriched by pain,
No thorn, no rose!
Trials drive away our fears,
Hearts are cleansed by sorrow's tears,
Job's affliction creamed his years,
No thorn, no rose!

Better 'tis t'have loved and lost,
No thorn, no rose!
E'en the least is worth the cost,
No thorn, no rose!
Hard knocks mark the upward route,
Contrast brings the beauty out,
Faith is strong that conquers doubt,
No thorn, no rose!

Cheer up then, beloved friend,
 No thorn, no rose!
With a crown the cross shall end,
 No thorn, no rose!
After you have fought the fight,
In the eve'ning 'twill be light
As you sing in robes of white,
 No thorn, no rose!

AT LIFE'S LOOM

At the loom of life we're weaving
Where we see but knotted shreds,
As the shuttles pass in darkness
In between the many threads.
But when once it's all completed
Then we'll see God's loving plan
And we'll praise our Gracious Father
As we blessings clearly scan.

STARS BRIGHTEST IN DARKNESS

Stars shine brightest in the darkness
And wise men of old they led,
To the Manger of the Christ-child
As from prophets they had read.
So we're guided in the darkness
By the Stars of Faith and Hope,
To the Christ of Consolation
As with grief we bravely cope.

UNREACHED GOALS

Moses, after all achievements,
Failed to reach the "Promised Land,"
John the Baptist was defeated—
Losing life at Herod's hand.
Livingstone died in the jungles
Where his labors seemed all loss,
Jesus, Lord and Blessed Saviour,
Died for sin upon the cross.

So today some of God's children
Never reach the promised goal,
Something happens in the planning,
And they're put on part parole;
Though so near the "Land of Promise"
Life's foes they did bravely rout;
Yet the "Taps" were quickly sounded
When "the lights must all be out."

But death's not the final ending
Of life's most triumphant goal,
There's a goal beyond the present
Where the broken life's made whole.
There the finished products only
In God's glory find a place,
Where in service with the angels,
They behold God's holy face.

HOLDING FAST TO FATHER'S HAND

What we know of Television
Or of Radio is small,
Then why doubt the work and myst'ry
Of God's providence and call?
So we'll trust the God of mercy
Where we cannot understand,
Walking like the child in darkness
Holding fast to father's hand.

WOULD YOU WISH THEM BACK?

Would you wish lov'd ones in glory
Back to suffer here on earth?
Would you rob them of their service
In their new and heav'nly birth?
Would you change God's holy purpose
From the role in which they move?
Would your selfish way of planning
Their own pleasure now improve?

No, you'll grant to them all blessings
They're enjoying now above,
With the angles and redeemed ones
As they share in purest love.
And, when all in time's unfolded
Then you'll see 'twas for the best,
As you meet loved ones in glory
In the Beulah land of rest.

WAITING

We are waiting for the anchor
To be dropped at Canaan's shore,
We are waiting for the angels
To swing wide the open door,
We are waiting for the summons
All our burdens to lay down,
We are waiting for the worn cross
To give place to heaven's crown.

But we're trusting while we're waiting
For our God's been very good,
He's been patient, kind and loving,
And our soul's eternal food.
He's been closer than a brother
Friend in every time of need,
He's been rich in gracious mercies,
He breaks not the bruised reed.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Death is but a glorious shadow
Which cannot the soul harass,
And death's valley is a passage
Through which souls in triumph pass.
Death is but promotion yonder
To a higher grade at school,
Where the law of God's own loving
Will forever be the rule.

A GLAD HOME-GOING

Once we were a happy family,
Then began the "moving day"
To the Father's Home in Heaven
Where they dwell in bright array.
Thus the number grew much smaller
Of those who still linger here,
While the Home of God up yonder
Seems each day a bit more near.

Near because the number yonder
Has increased so very much,
Near because as one grows older
We're with God in closer touch.
Thus we have a blessed feeling
As the many are withdrawn,
That the final separation
Will but be the morning dawn.

When death robs us of our loved ones
They're not dead, just moved away,
To the home that God has builded,
Where to tears, "fare-well" they say.
So death's but a glad home-going
When all grief away has flown,
Where with dear ones in God's glory
We shall know as we are known.

IF CHRIST BE NOT RISEN

God has set the solitary
In the fam'lies here on earth,
With the love and joy of living
Much akin to heav'ns' birth.
Then comes death silently creeping
Taking that which we love best,
Breaking up the dear home circle
Where the Lord had been our Guest.

If death really is the ending
And loved ones no more we'll meet,
Then life's been an utter failure
Only chaff and not the wheat.
If Christ Jesus be not risen
Then in misery are we,
But our Christ indeed has risen
And His face we too shall see.

Death is only a transition
Not unclothed but clothed upon,
In the splendor of the future
Where God's work must still be done.
It's the crossing of the Jordan
Leaving back all sin and strife,
It's the passageway to glory
To a resurrected life.

"EASING UP" LIFE'S DAY'S WORK

It has been truly said that a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. A word of appreciation, a pat on the back, a smile, a hearty I-mean-it kind of handshake, go far to "ease up" the day's work.

And so, in the Indian Summer days of my life, it is a feeling of this sort that gladdens me, "easing up" the day's work.

Will Rogers, in a recent magazine said: "When you want to get a line on a fellow, don't get it from the man himself; get it from someone who knows him."

I feel therefore, no ethical propriety will be seriously violated, at my age of life, in presenting to my friends to peruse, perhaps in the years to come, the following excerpts from the writings of men who knew me.

No one's work is all perfection,

Deeds fall short at critic's test,
Christ alone could say "It's Finished,"
No man's always at his best.

(By permission of publishers)

Rev. Leander M. Zimmerman, D.D., one of the outstanding representatives of the Maryland ministry, and perhaps one of the best known and most loved divines in the state, has occupied the pastorate of Christ Lutheran church in Baltimore for the past thirty-six years, laboring zealously and untiringly for love of his fellow-man. An easy and charming writer as well as forceful speaker, numerous contributions from his facile pen have marked the years of his ministerial work, teaching the way to happiness, helpfulness and moral and spiritual strength. He is a native of Maryland, born in Manchester, in Carroll County, on the 29th of August, 1860, a son of Henry and Leah Zimmerman. His father was a farmer, an industrious, honorable man of sound judgment and strong will-power. He was the owner of a farm comprising two hundred and fifty acres, upon which were born twelve children, of whom three entered the Gospel ministry and one the medical profession. Dr. Zimmerman's mother was a woman of exemplary character, who exercised a most godly influence over her children and looked after every one of them with that personal care which no one but a good mother can give. Naturally, her influence was the strongest and has been the most abiding in his life. He attended the local schools and in this connection a paragraph from his book, "For Love's Sake," may be fittingly quoted. The chapter is titled

"My First Day in School":

"One mile and a half to school—afoot—and one mile and a half back to my home to repeat—A B C. Total, three miles. And as I write there lies before me my well-thumbed book of A B C's that I have preserved these many years. The book is covered with blue-jean material, the same that Abraham Lincoln worked for a whole day splitting rails in order to secure enough for a pair of trousers."

"In his young manhood one day, while out at his usual tasks, he suddenly felt that it was his duty to

enter the Gospel ministry. He at once quit his work, called on his pastor, and told him his experience. He then resumed his work, but in the fall of that year he entered upon a preparatory course as a student in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. He was graduated from Pennsylvania College in 1884 with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, and spent the next three years in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. In 1887 he was ordained to the Lutheran ministry, and in December of that year was sent to Baltimore, Maryland, to organize a church in South Baltimore. Within one year from the day Dr. Zimmerman began his work of establishing a new church, the congregation was self-supporting. The congregation is a missionary church in spirit and deed. On June 18, 1901, the young preacher had made such a mark that the title of D.D. was conferred upon him by Susquehanna University of Pennsylvania

In May, 1897, Dr. Zimmerman was appointed a member of the Lutheran Deaconess board, of which he was chosen president in 1920. He has served on the home mission board of the Lutheran church since 1899, in the same year became a member of the Loysville Orphan Home Board, and on the 19th of October, 1900, was made president of the Maryland Synod. Since 1898 he has been a delegate to the general synod on nine different occasions and three times a delegate to the United Lutheran Church. For three years Dr. Zimmerman has been president of the Alumni Association of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, being re-elected in May, 1923."

B. F. Johnson, publisher of *Men of Mark in Maryland*, wrote as follows: "Among the many strong clergyman of Baltimore, no man takes higher rank, whether measured by ability, consecration or results obtained, than the Reverend Leander M. Zimmerman, D.D. His marvelously successful career as a minister is due, in the vernacular of the day, to what we call 'standing pat' in the faith, and progressive methods.

As the Baltimore press puts it, speaking of his work, 'In spite of the fact that his church is located in a section where the population has been shifting for the last twenty years, and where business is forcing out all kinds of settlers, his church has held its own and his Sunday school is one of the largest in the city.'

Anyone familiar with the conditions in which Dr. Zimmerman's work lies, will not know which to marvel at most, his tremendous energy, or his wonderful adaptability. The value of such a man in a community cannot be estimated, but at least the facts can be recorded."

The following excerpt is taken from *The Book of Maryland*, published by the Maryland Biographical Society of Baltimore in 1920: "A man whose life is dedicated to his fellow-men, who seeks not glory for personal gain, who lives for and incessantly labors that others may, while living, make their peace and prepare for the day of entrance into the presence of their God—such a man is the Reverend Leander M. Zimmerman, D.D., who has created joy in the hearts of many despairing throughout the land by his rare gifts as minister of the Gospel, author, counsellor and friend. * * * * He has sacrificed all the pleasures that life can give for the spiritual welfare of his congregation. He has laid his life on the altar dedicated to his Christ in the field to which the Saviour called him. His sterling worth has long since been tested and few there are, indeed, in the local ministerial field, who have such a wide circle of friends, irrespective of denomination or creed. For him the Bible, and pen and pad are all sufficient. He does not choose his sermon from the latest news sensation of the day, but studies the Word of God alone to teach his people the precepts of Jehovah. Dr. Zimmerman is beloved by men and women of every creed. Among his friends he numbers Catholics, as well as many Hebrews. When he celebrated *his twenty-fifth anniversary* as pastor of Christ English Lutheran Church he received congratulations from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President of the United States, and from a host of other men in public life. Dr. Zimmerman, through his books, 'Reminiscences,' 'Paths That Cross,' 'Yvonne,' 'Dot,' 'Sparks,' 'Cordelia,' 'Echoes From the Distant Battle Field,' and others which are nationally popular, has in the spirit been enabled to cheer and entertain those whom he was unable to assist in person. He has also distributed over two million booklets, etc., which have sown the seeds of happiness.

Those familiar with Dr. Zimmerman's love stories of 'Dot' and 'Cordelia' will be ready to find in his latest work, words of vivid reality and thoughts of wide understanding of human-kind. His style is sincere and colorful. Mellow experience, unflagging

confidence in the average man and woman, and a positive, tested faith in his Lord as a personal acquaintance fills the book. Sound citizenship and the training therefor cannot but be served by such writings. He is a real personage in Baltimore, but a personality worth recognition well beyond. A man loved where he has been well known for over a third of a century may be trusted and heard safely by others. A sentence, among many in the book, might be taken as its motto: 'It is better to do something and make failures, than to be good and do nothing.'

Dr. Zimmerman is a member of the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London, England. He enjoyed the high honor of election to membership in the Gettysburg College Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, in recognition of distinguished religious and literary activities. He is also a member of the Civitan Club."

"The Lutheran," May 7, 1925, says:

"Dr. L. M. Zimmerman, after a most remarkable pastorate of thirty-eight years at Christ Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md., retired from active ministry on Sunday, April 19, 1925. Dr. Zimmerman, at the age of 65 years, was forced to relinquish the work because of failing health, very much to the regret of his many parishioners and friends in Baltimore. At different times in recent years this noble servant of God asked to be relieved, and each time the large congregation gathered by the beloved pastor during the thirty-eight years of his ministry refused to permit him to leave. It was only after positive advice of his physician that they finally agreed to his retiring and then with deepest sorrow and regrets.

"Throughout the country Dr. Zimmerman is known by his numerous books, tracts and articles, and he is frequently referred to as Baltimore's greatest pastor for a generation. By his unusual kindly greeting for every one, his loving spirit of helpfulness and his sympathetic and genial disposition he has won the hearts, not only of his own people, but of thousands of others outside his church. Every one in Baltimore knows him. Hundreds of children in South Baltimore of all faiths and nationalities love him and hail him wherever they see him, and frequently he is seen with many children crowding about him and holding his hands. He has given not only his time but also much of his salary in assisting hundreds of families in need."

The Baltimore American, March 20, 1925, says:

"Dr. L. M. Zimmerman's intended retirement brings regrets to thousands who have never seen him in the pulpit of the South Baltimore edifice.

"Through his personal contacts with all classes of men all over Baltimore, and through his writings—he is the author of much graceful verse and inspirational prose—his personal influence has spread far beyond his congregation.

"His modest home in Hanover street, where he lives in the severe simplicity that marks the crowded neighborhood, has radiated cheer and faith and very practical help for many in spiritual or material distress. In every civic movement for humanity and righteousness, Dr. Zimmerman has been one of the stalwarts, always ready to do the hardest work, asking nothing for himself.

"All Baltimore, without regard to creed or race, joins in the hope that he may long be spared and that to him may be granted strength to continue in his own way to serve God, the country and this community."

The Baltimore News, March 18, 1925, says:

"The retirement of Rev. Dr. L. M. Zimmerman from active service is a real loss to the city. In these days we hear much of the downtown church problem and how to keep churches going in the old sections, usually ending in a lament that little can be done. While others moved to the comforts and pleasant scenery of the outskirts, Dr. Zimmerman toiled in the midst of the crowds. He found there good friends. He won the love of his people and they thronged his church. For thirty-eight years he held his battlefront and made his fight. There is no downtown problem when such a man leads the forces of righteousness.

"For Dr. Zimmerman's personal worth and his unselfish devotion to his work high praise is deserved. While the members of his own congregation of Christ Lutheran Church at Charles and Hill streets show their special appreciation, the people of all the city join in their tributes. He has been a good and faithful servant, and his work has been well done."



Christmas
Thoughts

1887

1907

Twentieth Anniversary



. . Christmas . .

. . Thoughts . .



Compliments of

Rev. E. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

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1907

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

Baltimore, Md.

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BALTIMORE.



AT no other time in the year are there so many things to remind us of "Peace on earth, Good will toward men" as at the Christmas Festival. Even those who are naturally disposed to be surly feel the spell of the Christmas Spirit, for with bright smiles upon the faces of the dear little children, with music on the streets, in the homes, and in the air, the most disagreeable person cannot fail to be touched by the bright and cheerful surroundings, and is made to feel that even for him there is much in life that is worth the living. It would seem that the angels themselves must pity those, who, at this season of the year fail to rejoice and be glad. Wherefore, be one of God's happy children, and in recognition of your many precious blessings, not only rejoice and be glad for yourself, but help to add enjoyment to those around you, then yours will surely be a Merry Christmas.



BEFORE you refuse definitely to be at peace with your enemy, just reflect for a moment and see if there is ever a better time than now for bringing about a reconciliation ; and, if to-day is the best possible time, and it is, for you are sure only of the present, why not then, in the spirit of the season, go to seek peace with your enemy ? If you are the agrieved party, if you are the offended, then it is all the more important that you take the first step toward a peaceful settlement, as it is always easier for the innocent to take the initiative, because the innocent have nothing to be ashamed of ; and as God came all the way from Heaven that He might make peace not only between fallen man and Himself but also between man and man, do not therefore act contrary to the intent and plan of our heavenly Father, but be at peace with all men, and glorify God.



CHRISTMAS is a day of giving. Its origin is found in the great gift which God gave to the world in the person of His Son—it was a gift to man.

No wonder that St. Paul, when urging his readers to be generous, exclaimed: “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!” Since, then, God has given so great a gift to man, what can we in turn present to him? “Give me thy heart,” is the Father’s request, and surely no greater offering can be made, for, of all gifts love is still the best; but let us remember our fellowmen also with gifts at this season of the year. Remember some poor family with a dinner, with fuel or with clothing; remember an enemy with forgiveness; remember friends with honesty of life and affections, have charity for all and malice toward none, ever keeping in mind the words of the Master, how He said:

“Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the lowest of mine, and lowest,
That thou doest unto me.”



O not forget the dear little ones at this time of light and love. It does not require much effort to make a child happy ; yet in crowded cities or in lonely country places there are many to whom the joy of Christmas never comes. Let us remember that in a peculiar manner Christmas is the Children's day, for it carries us back to the Babe of Bethlehem, the type and pattern for childhood. As he grew not only in stature, but also in wisdom, so every child should be watched over and carefully instructed that he may grow not only in body and mind, but also in spirit and truth. Blessed are those who from babyhood grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Teach the little ones, therefore, the story of the Christ Child, that they may know the real meaning of Christmas, and the blessedness of being earnest followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.



EVERYONE may be a free recipient of the blessings which come from God's gift to the world. "The Lord is come not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance," and we must be careful lest we erect barriers to frustrate the plan of God. We must not only be willing to be touched by sinners, but we must also be ready to touch them, if we would carry out the plan of God in redeeming mankind from the world of sin. "Sinner" seems harsh to some, and to others there is the idea of uncleanness and separation, but if God had so dealt with us, who, to-day, would be on the Lord's side? Back of the sinful man and woman as made of God, and in that man and woman are souls which God wants for His glory ; let us not pass hasty judgment, therefore, upon others, but rather strive to redeem those whom God has created to serve and praise Him.



FATHERS and mothers who have grown old in years, are apt at times to be regarded as just a bit prosy; but while their steps are not as quick and easy as they once were, and although passing winters have left their snows upon the brow, nevertheless, their hearts have not changed. It is still father, and the heart of mother never grows cold. The children are still the darlings of the parents as when the little ones sat upon their knees in childhood. Although there may not be that outward demonstration on the part of the aged that was given to the children when younger, nevertheless, there is still the same depth of love. Revere your parents if God has spared them to you, for with untiring devotion they cared for you when you were helpless babes or heedless children. Wherefore, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee" all the days of thy life.



GLORY to God in the highest" might well be sung by the angels not only of the past, but also of to-day, for unspeakable joys were brought to the world the day that God sent forth His Son to be born of a woman. A holy world is a happy world, and when the Lord enters man's soul, then there is true joy. There are joys of the world which delight the eye, the ear, and the humble heart; but not until the Lord enters man's life does he have peace with God, and fellowship and joy in the Holy Ghost. These new joys are unknown to the world in sin. The joys of the world are not lasting. "It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth, but he awaketh and his soul is empty; or, as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh, but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite." But they who have known the satisfactory love of Christ may well take up the chorus of the angels and sing, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come."



OW shall we give praise to God, and 'glory to Him in the highest?' We can imagine how it was possible for all the hosts of heaven to render such praise, but we sometimes think we are so small and weak, that it is impossible for us to offer pleasing service unto the Great and Holy God. Moreover, with angels and arch-angels at his command, what need has He of us, poor creatures of the earth, at times, wondering what we can do for Him? Yet opportunities are not wanting. All about us there are fields ripe unto the harvest, into which we can enter, and unless some one comes to the help of those who are handicapped either mentally, physically or spiritually, they are doomed to make a failure out of life. God expects you to help them. "All day long in the fields abide," sure that the song of the reaper, toiling here below, is as sweet to God as the angel chorus. And some day thou shalt come with rejoicing, bringing thy sheaves with thee.



IF the angels praised God and rejoiced at the coming of the blessed Lord, then surely we all have reason to praise Him. If the Lord had not come, if His spirit had not remain-
on the earth, it would indeed be a desolate place in which to live; for many of the sublimest works of art, many of the brightest gems of literature, and much of the sweetest and most soul-inspiring music would be lost to the world. Society has been purified, civilization advanced, manhood and womanhood glorified, the world changed from a wilderness into an earthly Canaan; and on all sides earth and heaven are echoing anthems to God, because the Lord came down to dwell with man, wherefore, give praises.

“Give! as the light that flows out of heaven,
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully given.”



JOSEPH and Mary were humble people, but to their humble home came the Son of God, and history is full of instances where the brightest lights in life's callings had their birth in the obscurest corners. But, suppose the parents of these famous men and women had not been of noble character, what effect would it have had on their off-spring? This we cannot tell; but we do know that parents are largely the moulders of the lives of their children, and having brought them into the world without any choice on the part of the little ones, God surely will hold the parents responsible for the manner in which they rear their sons and daughters. Fatherhood and motherhood are sacred only when the lives of both parents have been dedicated to the most High. Parents should, therefore, give themselves wholly to God.

“Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to give.”



KINDNESS to animals seems a lesson that might be learned from the Christmas Festival, as we think of Jesus born in a manger with the cattle around Him. At any rate, it were well if more of those who claim to be sons of God had a kind consideration for the dumb animal. To ill-treat the beast of burden, to shoot down the wild beast of the forest for mere sport, to tease and torture the helpless, are not in keeping with the true intent of the Great Creator. The Golden Rule needs to be kept in mind even in dealing with animals, for there is often that cruelty to animals, which seems unbecoming in a Christian people. As we are divinely enjoined to 'use this world as not abusing it,' so animals are for use and not abuse, and we shall ever find it true, that

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small."



LET us view the season from whatever point we may, we shall find the happy Christmastide awakening within us feelings akin to those of the shepherds, when they said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass?" It is indeed a wonderful season, for the Incarnation is not only an event in the world's history, but it also has its place in the timeless annals of heaven. In the Babe of Bethlehem two worlds met; through Him, not only did the inhabitants of earth gain a new insight into heaven, but those of heaven also acquired a new interest in the sons of men. A great stairway was opened to glory, up which the redeemed of God climb to realms of bliss in the Father's house of many mansions." Christmas is not a national festival; it belongs to the world, and some day the whole world shall bow at the feet of the Saviour, and "every tongue shall confess Him LORD."



MEMORY at this time naturally carries us back through the years to those precious family reunions when parents and children united in common joy around the Christmas tree. What happy times were they? How memory loves to recall the faces and the smiles of those who long since have gone to their home above! Tears start unbidden as we think of what we have lost, but peace comes as we realize their joy, for we know that they are with their Heavenly Father. Instead of worshipping by faith Him who came to redeem us, they are now present with the Lord, where, face to face, they behold Him in all His glory. We cannot, therefore, wish them back, for our loss is their gain. With them in glory, heaven itself becomes dearer to us; and through grace some day we shall again be with them, and the circle be once more complete around the throne of God.



NEW YEAR is so closely linked with Christmastide, that, with the coming of the Advent season, one is reminded of the swift and silent passing of another year. The great book will soon be sealed until the day of Judgment. How important that we clear up all accounts before the same shall have been closed, and that we be at peace with God, lest, some day, when face to face with the Judge of all men, we find our eyes resting upon unperformed duties, and unpardoned sins. But, not only with God should we set all in order; with our fellow-men also should we be at peace, for unless we have consciences void of offence toward our brethren, how can we stand before God? Deep down in your hearts then, forgive your enemies, and seek good will wherever there is any possible way of obtaining it with honor. The sin may be grievous, but your forgiveness should be none the less full and free, "even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."



FTEN too little is said of the Virgin Mother. Although we would not detract from the glory of the Son, nevertheless, we must remember His mother. We all honor a good mother. If to-day we could have placed before us all the mothers of our great men and women, how we would respect and admire them! If we venerate the mothers of the great ones of the earth, shall we not revere the mother of the greatest of all, the God-man? As such, the Virgin Mary stands forth as a type of honored motherhood, as the model of a good mother imbued with the responsibility of rearing her beloved child. We rejoice to-day because God used a mother as the holy channel through which He might give to the world the greatest of all gifts, the Messiah. Thus, the Mother Mary linked together heaven and earth, infinite power with infinite weakness, forming a union of God and man in the God-man.



PARADISE, with its golden gates, was for centuries guarded by the flaming sword. The world had oft besieged the gates with sacrifice and prayer, but was still without the holy wall, longing to reach the treasures within. At last the doors of Paradise swung open ; lights of glory flashed forth and fell upon the fields of Bethlehem. The very air resounded with angelic songs, telling the good news from a far country. God did not announce the great event by blast of trumpets, but with loving song. If more messages were delivered to-day in the spirit of the message of God on Christmas morn, there would be more "peace on earth, good will toward men." The mission of song is too frequently lost sight of. Deliver your message in the home, in business, and in life, with a song in the heart, rather than with murmuring and complaints. A little more whistling, a little less whining ; a little more singing, a little less crying, will please our Heavenly Father, and make the world more like the Eden of old.



QUITE common among all housewives at festival occasions is what is known as a special house-cleaning; in like manner, at this season we should all make every possible preparation by way of a spiritual house cleaning. Pushed off in some corner of life is, perhaps, a bit of ugly hatred toward some sister or brother. Here lurk the deadly germs of jealousy, tainting all the air. There lie smouldering coals of unforgiveness that should long since have been cooled off. In another corner is a bundle of gossip, ready for distribution among such as are only too glad to feed upon the poison. Everywhere unrepented sins darken the heart, shutting out the sunshine of God's love. Arise, Christian souls! and set your house in order, to welcome the Heavenly Guest, who came to earth on Christmas morn.



EVERENT and listening souls may almost hear again the song of angelic praise, which sounded above the hills of Bethlehem on the night when the "Word became flesh and dwelt among men." The whole world is learning to honor the Name which is above every name. Irrespective of creed or faith, all honest thinkers admit the grandeur of the teachings of Him "Who spake as man never spake," and Who Himself was the incarnation of the divine nature and love. His advent meant the triumph of right, for He came to establish peace and good will upon the earth. Did more bow down before Him as their ruler and obey His precepts, there would be more to receive the blessings of His love, which are perpetual and perfect. Where He is allowed to reign in the lives and hearts of men, sin abounds no more, but justice and conscience are established; and meekness and gentleness are enthroned.



WEET are the joys of Christmastide!
In their gentle light the stern realities of life fade for a time ; and this is well, for in the mad rush after material things, we often overlook the brighter and sweeter possibilities of being. Let us pause, therefore, at this season, and participate in the joys of childhood. Our spirits once more glow under the influence of memory, while our cares fold their wings and quietly wait, as we forget the more serious side of life. It is at such delicious moments, that we, in exquisite ecstasy wish that we might turn back the hands of time, and once more be children, if only for a day. Shall we not all be children at least in spirit? Oh, for more of this faith, the innocence, the confidence, and the contentment of the child ! If we can, for once, “become as little children,” then shall we be able the better to add to the joy of all about us, and do our part toward giving this old world a happy Christmas.



RUTH lives; it works like leaven. It is stronger than falsehood. It may be ridiculed, but ultimately it prevails. The poet dies, but his songs inspire and comfort. The noble dead, "the spirits of just men made perfect," live to-day. They are yet teaching, guiding and comforting. Their works follow them, and God uses their labors to serve Him. The truth that exalts men and nations finds its way into the world's Christmas music. Even those who do not accept it for themselves, are becoming wise enough to believe that there is room in the world for the celebration of the Incarnation. And, to the mighty host of those who believe in Jesus as the Messiah, there is a deep appreciation of the mind of the Master as the crowning glory of every Christmas. His truth appears to the Christian thinker, as he reverently and earnestly seeks for himself the mind that was in Christ Jesus.



UNSELFISHNESS and manliness are twin brothers. Both are children of the Christmas spirit, and also heirs of promise, for selfishness is not found in heaven. They who in this life crucify self for the happiness and welfare of others have learned by happy experience that the brightest of all joys is in serving ; so, through all this Christmas season, seek for opportunities for service, great or small. Sit down beside the aged, and in loving words remind them that, though bent and wrinkled with age, lingering almost as strangers in the midst of a new generation, they are not a care to you. Never for one moment allow them to think that their presence casts a shadow of repression upon the gayety of younger hearts ; rather help them once more to be young by letting them recall the sweet memories of Christmas days, when they were young. It is not the cost of a gift, but the spirit in which it is given, that lends to it its chief value. Give, therefore, an unselfish life in loving service.



AIN indeed would it be for a man to gain this whole world and lose his own soul. God therefore sent His Son to come and make reconciliation, that man "might not perish, but have eternal life." But what if it be in vain? God pleads with man for his soul. But, if it be in vain, then whose fault is it? Surely not the Father's. The Bridegroom came all the way from Heaven to claim His bride. What if it be in vain? What, if when it is announced, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," there be no oil of the grace of God in the heart? If, when once He shall have entered and the door be shut, those without shall plead and say, "open unto us," and He say unto them, "Depart from me, I know you not," whose fault would it be? Surely not the fault of the Bridegroom, who, seeking the bride, was rejected by her. Are *you* ready to meet the Bridegroom? If not, if His coming be in vain, what then? Who will be to blame?



INTERTIDE and Bethlehem are closely associated, for it was at this season of the year that the world was visited by the Guest from Heaven. Not only was it literally winter, but morally as well, for the civilized world was under the rulership of men of vice and cruelty. The liberties of the citizens were trampled under foot, and terror was carried into every social circle. Taxes were wrung from an impoverished people to strengthen an organized system of military oppression, and landowners were reduced to serfdom. Mankind was sunk in appalling wickedness and woe, and hope was dead. "Then in the fulness of time GOD sent forth His Son," and upon the world of sin and misery rose the Sun of Righteousness, "with healing in His wings," and the long winter of the world passed away before the Springtime of hope and life and love.



ENOPHON tells us, that, when Cyrus gave Artabazus, one of his couriers a cup of gold, he gave to Chrysanthus, his favorite, naught but a kiss. This occasioned Artabazus to say, "Sire, the cup you bestowed upon me is not so precious as the kiss you gave to Chrysanthus;" and this was true. The greatest gifts that we can give are not material, for such soon fade and pass away. The spirit that is back of the gift determines its value. We should, indeed, give of our best, whether it be the gold and frankincense and myrrh of the Magi, or the slender mite of the widow; but to give merely for the sake of giving, or for appearance's sake, or because something may be expected, is to fail in the true spirit of giving. Put your heart, your affections into your gift, whether it be to God or to your fellow-men; and then "It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And as "the true heart grows rich in giving," so each succeeding Christmas shall find you richer in love, in grace, in all that makes life sweet, and high and noble.



YES, it was a wonderful night when the Lord of glory came a child to earth. But not to Herod's palace hall, not to the rich and great, the Christ came that night : In a lowly manger lay the King of kings, because there was no room in the inn." "No room for JESUS!" "How could they shut him out?" we cry. If only we had been in that little hillside town, how eagerly would we have welcomed the Child divine ! Alas, we deceive ourselves. To-day, and every day, the Saviour stands and knocks at the door of each heart, and, like the men of Bethlehem we cry, "no room!" No room for Christ—no room in the home ; no room in the business world ; no room in the life of a nation ! Shame, thrice shame upon us, that this should be ! Upon this blessed Christmas Day let every soul fling wide his door, and pray with holy awe and longing

"O come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There's room in my heart for Thee."



ZEALOUSLY should the Christmas spirit be cherished till its message and its meaning live throughout the year. It were a sad mistake to let its glories vanish with the day, for unless the spirit of the Christmas time wield a controlling influence in the life, the angel message is little more than mockery. The incarnate Christ, indeed, no longer walks the shores of Galilee or the hills of old Judea ; but His spirit still abides upon the earth to strengthen and to bless. Then let the Christmas chimes re-echo through the world ; let the gospel of love—of “peace on earth, good will toward men” be taught and practiced in the home, in business, in society, in government. I pray, then, that yours may be a bright and Merry Christmas, glad through all the year to come, glad with sins forgiven, with sorrows comforted, with the brightest and best of what you hope for. And, may the presence and the blessing of Him, who came to earth on Christmas day, be yours forevermore !



*Where Is
Heaven*



BY DR. L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Where Is Heaven?

By DR. L. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Burlington Hotel, Washington, D. C.

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Heaven, I maintain, is to be found in happiness, and most people are willing to be stockholders of that which guarantees large returns in making life sweeter.

But must we wait until we have passed into the Valley of the Shadow before we can taste the sweets of Heaven? No; Heaven has blessings for all who will accept them before they close life's account and cash in for the land of eternal happiness and sunshine.

Heaven is above us. It is also about us. Before we can get into Heaven we must get Heaven into ourselves. Once we have done that, then in large measure we are having our abode in Heaven.

Not for a moment would I discountenance belief in a future Heaven, for I believe in it just as firmly as I believe that the sun will rise on the morrow. But equally do I hold that it is possible to live in a Heaven here on earth before we get into the Heaven on high after death. In a word, it may be found just around the corner from where you live.

Perhaps there is a poor family within a stone's throw of you. It may be that their pitiable condition is not of their own doing: placed in a similar environment you might be even worse off than they. But let us not seek the cause; it is the condition that must be recognized.

Medicine, food, clothing, are needed by that family. Go to them and minister to their wants. Go, not once, but until Sorrow, with her family of sighs, has become but a fleeting memory. Then return to your comfortable quarters, read the Twenty-third Psalm, kneel reverently in prayer before God, and you will realize that indeed there is a true Heaven on earth.

Or turn in a different direction. A sweet-faced Christian mother is suddenly bereft of her husband by the inexorable hand of the Grim Reaper. No means are left for food or raiment or shelter. But yet is there balm in Gilead. Their only daughter will be her comforter, her solace. But one day that daughter fails to return to the modest little home from her daily work. Another day, and still another, pass without her return. Then the stern, heart-crushing truth is realized by that poor mother. That frail slip of a girl has been swallowed up in the maelstrom of a heartless city as are other daughters every week and every month and every year of recorded time.

Go to that mother in the spirit of the God of all comfort and tactfully and sympathetically help to heal the broken heart. Not by a long dissertation on the mysteries of life and the

final adjustments, but now—just this time in which we live—say something that will help heal the bleeding wound. If you are unable to find the proper word, then let your heart be so full of Heaven that the healing power of the Great Divine may break forth through your very eyes and touch the grief-stricken soul, so that relief may be found by your presence, that when you shall have gone away she will feel as if a God-sent ministering angel had been in her presence. And when you return to your home after such a visit, sit silently in deep reverie and see whether you have not had a taste of Heaven.

Once more go out from your own home. This time turn into a bypath and pause for a moment as you behold how hard is the way of the transgressor. Perhaps as you thus stand watching you may have a bit of experience akin to that of the hunter in the mountains of the Adirondacks. One morning as he walked across a field he heard the sound of hounds in the distance, and as they approached a young deer ran toward him. The animal was panting and frightened, not knowing which way to turn. The hounds were close on its heels when the helpless deer fell in a heap at the man's feet. It was with difficulty that the huntsman could keep the hungry hounds from tearing to pieces the helpless deer. At last, however, he conquered and saved the life of the young animal.

This is perhaps analogous to what you visualized as you turned into the bypaths of the great broad highway of life—the lure and the love of the human chase. The poor sinner you

saw was being hounded by men and women who had neither heart nor mercy for the helpless victim. It was so even in the days of the Man of Galilee, when a number of men dragged a luckless woman before the Master and not only publicly exposed her but stood ready with stones to kill her. Not until Jesus said to the men, "He among you that is without sin, let him first cast a stone," did they, like the hounds, slink away. The Lord had mercy for the scarlet woman and in tender entreaty said to her: "Go, and sin no more."

So, dear reader, if you would get nearer to Heaven, do not, like Darius, climb a mountain peak, but go down into the street, into the by-ways and hedges, in loving contact with human derelicts and shadows of the shade, with life's flotsam and jetsam, those upon whom the god of fortune has never smiled. Go among these, give words of encouragement, sow concrete and tangible seeds of kindness, give them food, drink and raiment, and if there be a soul within you, that soul will shine resplendent with the glorified knowledge of a spiritual grace unfolded like an exotic flower kissed by the morning sun. Then will you know that Heaven is all around you and within you; then will you know that these words eternal of the Man of Galilee were intended for you:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

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When Days Are Dark



L. M. Zimmerman

When Days Are Dark

By DR. L. M. ZIMMERMAN,

Burlington Hotel, Washington, D. C.

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She was passing through a night of despair. Like a bolt from the blue, grief had come into her early life. A double tragedy overwhelmed her. The light had gone out of her sky. Two loved ones, whose companionship she had hoped for in years to come, had been called without warning, into the Great Beyond. The shock had prostrated her—for the time even impaired her sight.

But when I saw her she repeated simply the words the Master uttered in Gethsemane: "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

What a triumphant faith! What a conquest in the day of darkness! She did not ask, Why? She could not *see*. She could not *understand*. But she *could trust* in God. And she did.

This story did not happen only once, in a single place, in a single hour, in a single home. It is what is continually going on. Human hearts are wrung by despair! They reach out to God. He calms despair. He heals the wounds.

People want and seek His help. They expect it and such as trustfully seek, find what they most need—his love and sustaining grace, a calm and peaceful courage that endures.

Trust covers everything. It brings light, strength, new hope. Trust turns our faces to the sky beyond the gray days of grief. Trust enables us to live on the hilltops of God's unfailing promises. Trust helps us to wear, like our blessed Lord, life's thorns as a crown.

Some day earth's tears will be kissed into heaven's jewels, but the great thing now is—to trust. Trust on to the victorious end.

Character is not only tested and developed but is best built through tribulation. Sacrificial love looms fairest in times of great sorrow. And the stars never seem quite so bright as when seen from "the depths."

History is dotted with heroic characters who carried on through suffering to unbelievable heights of service and victory with help from above.

Trusting in God and being one with Him, weary souls not only find peaceful satisfaction but also triumphant victory. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Living in compliance with the purposes of God and growing in the love and service that come from the unseen, we need not be concerned about the "whys" in His dealings.

The sculptor has his own way of releasing the angel from the marble block. God has His own way of preparing the souls of men for the "Father's house" of "many mansions." There we shall some day both understand and "be satisfied."

After all, this present life is short compared to the life eternal, where in Christ's likeness the redeemed shall arise—glorified, purified, immortal. Yes, a real identity, a heavenly recognition, where "we shall know even as we are known." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Gethsemane and Calvary were followed by Easter morning. Today, all may appear unfair,

unkind, unbearable. But heroically take hold, go forward, conquer.

Tomorrow, looking back, you too may say with Joseph: "Ye thought it evil against me; but God meant it unto good to bring to pass as it is this day." So "the fellowship of His suffering" often works "for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Nature itself confirms this fact. When the farmer with plow and harrow tears up the grassy plot, a thoughtless passer-by might regard it a heartless procedure. And if the soil could speak it might ask, "What have I done to receive such treatment?" But wait until June gathers the golden grain.

How like many of life's experiences. Health, wealth, happiness, love, all with fondest hopes may be shattered, until seemingly forsaken, we stand aghast at the wreck. But wait until the harvest.

Meanwhile, as we "walk through the valley"—eyes brimming with tears—human mysteries may deepen. But life's summits are still bathed in the sunlight of the sure reality of God's unobscured love and care. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him" to minister, sustain and gently lead them along the better way.

Remember, faith cometh by hearing the word, but is matured by prayer and tears. Grown strong under burdens, it holds on in the dark. With eyes dim and heart aching, it shouts: "Though He slay me, yet I will trust Him." It gropes blindfolded by the mist but ever holds the Father's hand, being assured night will pass, morning will come with its singing birds and that some day we will meet again, in the Bright Beyond, the friends who have gone before.

I Now Do Understand

Is life to thee a mystery?
Are some things hard to bear?
Doth God reveal all clearly
As heav'nward thou dost stare?
Or dost thou stop and wonder,
Amid life's stormy days,
Why God in all His wisdom
Doth lead in such dark ways?

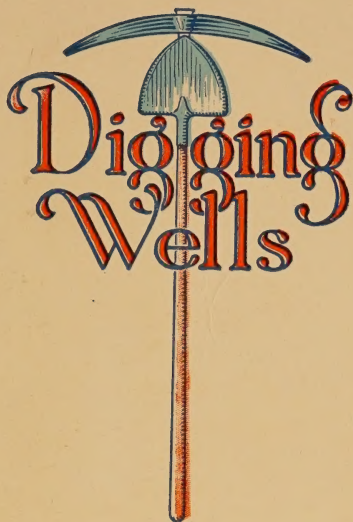
"What I do now thou know'st not,"
Says Christ, the Friend of friends,
"But thou shalt know hereafter,"
Are loving words He sends.
The stroke that falls upon thee,
In this cold, dreary land,
Prepares the soul for heaven,
The house not made with hands.

In many ways of sorrow,
By tears, and pain, and woe,
God separates from evil
His children here below.
He leads in valleys lonely,
And hedges up their way
To keep them in the straight path,
That leads to endless day.

The burdens which oppress us
And oftentimes sink us low,
Are meant for wings to lift us
Above this world below,
That when our work is over
And we before God stand,
He shall unto us pilgrims
Extend a Father's hand.

Thus suff'ring with our Master,
Bearing with Him the cross,
Fighting with Him the battle,
We shall not suffer loss,
But glorified and reigning
We shall with Jesus stand,
And shout 'mid scenes of rapture
"I now do understand."

INZ



by

L.M. Zimmerman, D.D.

ROSES WILL BLOOM AGAIN

By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

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Time brings its varied hap'nings
And each must have a share,
Whether of joy or sadness
For all we must prepare.
No one's exempt from trouble
Some days we need for rain,
But though we have our sorrows,
"Roses will bloom again."

Grain crushed by heavy rainfalls
Will oft again arise,
So help and do not hinder
Others to win the prize.
Though crushed by some misfortune
Where sin has left a stain,
Yet by a loving Father
"Roses will bloom again."

Has there been cold indifference?
A kiss heals many a wound.
Make your home sweet with kisses
And send good cheer around.
Life is too short to quarrel
Then always love sustain,
Though some there be to cross you
"Roses will bloom again."

Bright homes are often saddened
Because death leaves its touch.
Until in bitter anguish
Some cry, "This grief's too much."
But from the Heav'nly mansions
There comes a sweet refrain,
That in the Heav'nly garden
"Roses will bloom again."

Thus face to face with trials
Be brave and do your best,
We are to plant and water
Our God will do the rest.
Cheer up dear one, be hopeful
Life will not be in vain,
After the storms of winter
"Roses will bloom again."

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BALTIMORE, MD.

(Copyrighted by Author, 1923)

Edition 105,000

Distributed by friends of the Author

"Thy purpose firm, is equal to the
deed:

Who does the best his circum-
stance allows,

Does well, acts nobly, angels could
no more."

It is in us all to live up to the philosophy of Young as given us in his "Night Thoughts." But few of us there are who study ourselves introspectively. Rather are we prone to study our neighbor and fellow-man. Study him, that is, for his frailties, his weaknesses, his shortcomings, instead of ever seeking his merits to disclose.

Prejudices handed down through the ages are a part of our make-up. With all our boasted civilization—the advancement of the arts, of the sciences, of literature—we still are semi-barbarians. The love of the human chase is as strong in us today as it was in our forbears of centuries ago. We are intolerant of all who do not conform to our viewpoint. There can be no good come out of Nazareth.

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But can such things be and overcome us like a summer's cloud without our special wonder? Are we to sit complacently, with idle hands and brains, instead of rising to enlighten, to solace and comfort, our benighted brothers? No—a thousand times no!

Well might we study the methods of the ancients in their efforts to aid their fellow-men, both physically and morally. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and others in their day learned the wisdom of "digging wells." These wells were of the greatest value. Thirst-stricken travelers ever had a word of praise and a blessing for those who digged. Frequently they were esteemed more highly than those who builded great palaces.

Blessed, indeed, are they today who lovingly and co-operatively dig figurative wells from which the weary may get refreshment and the weak strength, for we all need such refreshment, whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant. God Himself has, fortunately for us all, provided rich wells of

salvation, from which we all alike may draw, and there find—

“Rest, rest to the weary,
Peace, peace to the soul.”

When, in the '60s, the North and the South were fighting bitterly against each other, there was both in the Blue and the Gray a common need, and that need was water. One night, following a day of bloody fighting, the Blue and the Gray came to the same historic spot, Spangler Spring, at Gettysburg, and quenched their thirst. The same water, from the same spring, quenched the thirst of the same men who were trying to destroy one another.

And the same God, from afar, looked on with piteous eye.

“Oh, lay down thy burden,
Come, come unto me,
I will not forsake thee,
Tho' all else should flee.”

Ah, yes, this is the sweet call of God for peace to “Whosoever will,” for such “may come, and drink of the water of life freely.” We often wonder why it is that so many refuse to come when all is offered “without money and without price.”

A reformed tramp once arose at a meeting and told how one day as he alighted from a train he touched a man on the shoulder and said: “Mister, please give me a dime.” Just then the man turned, and lo—it was the tramp's own father! Throwing his arms about the neck of his son, the father cried: “Praise God, I have found you—I have found you! All I have is yours!”

“Think of it, men,” said the reformed

man, "that I, a tramp, stood begging my father for ten cents, when for years he had been looking for me to give me all he had." Waiting to give all he had. That is just exactly what our Heavenly Father is waiting for today. He is waiting to give to the nations of the world as well as to individuals all He has of His pardon, peace, love and counsel. "Counsel!" Ah yes, counsel. Speaking of his personal need of Him of whom the prophet Isaiah wrote saying, "His name shall be called Counsellor," Abraham Lincoln said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go." We exchange counsellors at our great conferences here and abroad, but as Kipling says, "Lest we forget." And we do forget the greatest of all Counsellors at many of these conferences. If God were more frequently consulted and allowed to dominate, the whole world would build a temple to Him erected from the material of a loving people, who would inscribe over its portals the words: "In God we trust."

Our weakness is, that too frequently we try to impose our methods upon God instead of accepting His. And, in much the same way, we are not willing to consider the opinions and rights of others. We should play fair, not tyrannically demanding everything and giving nothing.

Why not all come to the same great Historic Spring of THE BIBLE, accept the undisputable evidences of God's Holy Word, drink from the same "living water," and go out into the world living as brothers in this

little earth of ours, without hatred and strife?

It would indeed be well for not only the public Press but also for those who read the daily papers, if all would exercise the spirit of the late President Harding when he was editor of a paper in a Western City. His admonition to his reporters was: "Be truthful, be fair and above all be clean. Boost—don't knock. In reporting, tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. If it can be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent woman or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative." It was because as President he lived the teachings he impressed upon the minds of others, that caused the people of the nation to rise up in great sorrow as they poured out their grief in testimony of their reverence and esteem for the great man whom God called to his eternal home. He loved his fellowmen, and his fellowmen loved him.

To me personally, I want to live with love in my heart toward all mankind, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, rich or poor, that when my time comes for departing from this life, others may say of me, "He loved not only his God, but also his fellowmen."

Although we must hate evil even as we love righteousness, nevertheless we must not be vindictive nor warlike. History shows that the way to get war is to prepare for war. This is true not only of nations, but also of individuals. Perhaps if we for a time talked more about the things upon which we agree and less about our differences, talked more peace and practiced less hatred, recognizing that every man has his

rights whether he be black or white, if we did these things, we might the more readily be able to dispel the atrabilious viewpoints that we hold and hasten the day when all alike, as the Prophet Isaiah says: "shall with joy draw water from the wells of salvation."

I recall having spent at Lake Placid some years ago a vacation with the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. As we parted he handed me his photograph, and putting his arm about me, he said: "When we understand each other we love each other more." This holds good in secular, national, social and religious life. Ignorance is the cause of many misunderstandings, and misunderstandings are the causes of much hatred and bitterness. When we get together and understand, we learn to love more.

Even the super-critical can at least be reasonable, courteous, charitable, brotherly, kindly, helpful, co-operative, without a betrayal of principle or truth. There are many different states and territories, but they all, with the added district, are combined in one great United States, and one would not presume to be at war against another, no matter what the difference might be.

In like manner politicians should never be partisan, but should rather realize that they are striving for the public and not for mere personal welfare. Economy is public welfare. Likewise also honesty and ability. Politicians are public servants, whether president or policeman. The public does not care to what party you belong, so long as the office is conscientiously and economically

administered for the benefit of the people. Less therefore of political controversy and more of political efficiency and honesty, economy and accountability, would be better for the public welfare.

In much the same way should be the nations of the world, or a United States of the World, in which justice, truth and mercy might prevail, where there might be a great International Jury of the Nations to settle differences in a great National Court of Justice. After fighting and quarreling we settle things. Surely it is better to settle differences in the beginning than in the end. Why go to war? Is there not a nobler, a more civilized and a more economical way?

We need in States, Nations, Business and Churches today, more of the spirit that existed in the day of Boaz between him and his workmen. Going out into the fields Boaz greeted his men with the words, "Scholem Aleichem"—"the Lord be with thee," and they responded, saying, "Aleichem Scholem"—"the Lord bless thee."

We talk about the awfulness, the horror, the butchery, the devastation, the hell of war. But how shall we avert war so long as in our hearts we bear malice, whether in national, political or business transactions? Why not rather, combine upon common grounds as did our men during the World War while on the battle-fields? Let us strive for that idyllic period when the war-drum shall throb no longer and "the battle-flag is furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

And, if all this be a good thing for the

nations of the world, for business, for politics, why not for the Church? Why not more and more a spirit of co-operation for individual and national peace; why not work in deeds of mercy and love as a united church, all doing God's work of reconciliation? Why not more of the spirit of the one great universal family, with God as our Father, "who art in heaven?" Hath not God made of one blood all nations, and such as are His children, are they not dear to Him? Shall we be so unreasonably prejudiced against others, as to be forever wanting to "call down fire from heaven" upon them, because they do not happen to be one of us? Are there not some points of contact at which we can meet, some lines along which we can work, some things upon which we can agree? How about the first great commandment as a starting point? "Love the Lord thy God." "The second is like unto the first. Love thy neighbor." Familiar as are these words to all, nevertheless few, if any, obey them to the utmost. And yet, is not this fraternal? Is it not right? Would not this put an end to wars?

Selfishness unfortunately rules the motives of many and when once its capacity for gratification has become exhausted and there are no more gifts and favors to be granted, then the poor deluded victim turns in vain for sympathy and support.

Not only unselfish love is requisite. But there must also be deeds. Every one therefore should have a noble purpose in life so as the better to be able to "dig wells" and help others. A man is foolish to recklessly

squander his time, opportunities and money. Many who were once poor having systematically saved and economized, have not only become men of power and influence, but are also part owners of their country by way of their capital. As over against such, are those who swing to another extreme. They selfishly get and keep all they can lay hold on. We need "diggers of wells," men and women who are unselfish in their motives, being ever ready to forego self-interest in their zeal to promote the happiness and welfare of others. It often takes but a very little to "dig a well." And yet, with every deed you are sowing a seed even though you may not see its immediate results. But, if thereby you make some one happy, you have done well.

Recently in my pastoral rounds I had occasion to go into a store in a far-off section of the city. A sweet little child entered, and in my fondness for children I asked the storekeeper to give the little miss an ice-cream cone. She was so appreciative that I also bought her a piece of chocolate and a tiny toy basket. As the child gratefully accepted all and was about to depart she turned to me and said: "I hope you will keep well and be strong." It touched me so deeply that I answered animatedly: "You dear little angel! May God bless you!"

It was just a little well that I had dug for a little stranger, but the 25 cents that I had spent in digging it gave me more joy than does \$25 often spent in other ways.

Why not then begin each day with a resolution that before its close you will do a deed

of kindness for someone who may really be in need of your unselfish consideration? It may mean a new start in life for some one whose courage is sinking low, and it will mean to you personally great joy at the close of the day. I know it is the fault of some themselves that neither God nor their fellow-men should care for them, but what of it? God still cares for them, even though their sin be as scarlet. God cares for you and for me. We are not faultless by any means. Why not then "dig a well" for some one whose soul thirsts for living water? Why not be a Big Brother, a Big Sister? Just try it, and see what great joy there is in helping another.

That which is needed today is a proper education of the young. You can't legislate people into heaven, nor can you by force compel them to love either the laws of the land or the people with whom they live. We need to be educated from youth to be "kindly affectioned one toward another in brotherly love." If children, by example and precept, are taught to hate each other, how can the world ever be at peace, either religiously, socially or nationally?

Every one should exercise the spirit of Lincoln who urged, "Charity for all and malice toward none." Or, Washington who said: "Look carefully after those things that make for peace." U. S. Grant said: "Let us have peace." St. Paul said: "Follow after those things which make for peace." And, "the Prince of Peace" said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Such men and women, having God's peace in their hearts and helping others to keep the peace are not only "digging wells," but they are rightly called "the children of God." They are not living for the sake of making a living, but for the sake of making useful lives. Unselfishly they "deal bread to the hungry," knowing that an underfed body and an underfed mind often turns toward crime. Thus, in both word and deed they are public benefactors.

It is always a sad thing to find some whose lives are blighted with the sin of ingratitude, who accepting blessings and favors, do so without expressing themselves, or giving even any indication of emotion. I sometimes think the Graces, Benevolence and Gratitude, will need an introduction in heaven.

But, whether these graces be recognized or not on earth, it is most gratifying to find Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, who are unselfishly "digging wells," that the weary travelers along the way of life may be refreshed by their deeds of kindness, their words of love. And, many do have a heart of gratitude which reveals itself in the countenance with a grateful, "God bless you."

In union there is strength, and when once there is established a mutual feeling of kindness, the love of Jonathan and David, of the Three Musketeers—all for one and one for all—then will not only "the wall be built" as each builds "over against his own house," but there also will ensue a greater degree of co-operation for the dethronement of iniquity and the enthroning of lasting peace on earth

and good will one toward another.

May God help us all that, more and more, day by day in the interest of unity, growth, and happiness, we may assist in "digging wells" for a better home life, for an economic honest efficiency in the political and national affairs of our country, for a closer bond of fellowship in our industrial, religious and racial problems, for a linking of the future glories with the present life and for greater love toward both God and our fellowmen!

In our great cathedrals, churches and synagogues they sing in Latin, English and Hebrew. But whether in one or other of the many different languages, high up in the domes and far out above the confined audiences is another, greater assembly, "a great cloud of witnesses." Up in the great auditorium of God, where are the angels and archangels, there the music becomes more and more the expression of one thought in the language of the soul.

In like manner, down in this world by showing love one toward another, by living more and more each for the other and all for the glory of God, by "digging wells" of sweet refreshing living waters for others, we shall at last the better be able to join with those in glory above where together the redeemed will sing a "new song." If now we prove true to our trust as God's workmen, we will then be changed into "living stones for the spiritual building, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And "in that day, ye shall say, Praise the Lord."

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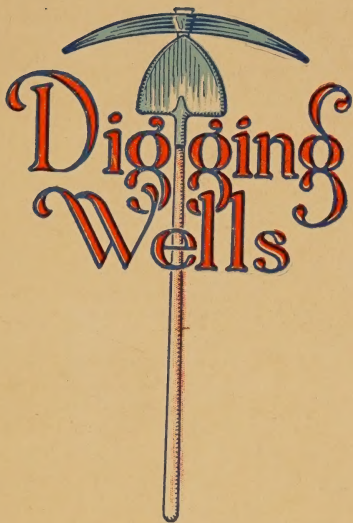
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Although we must hate evil even as we love righteousness, nevertheless we must not be vindictive nor warlike. History shows that the way to get war is to prepare for war. This is true not only of nations, but also of individuals. Perhaps if we for a time talked more about the things upon which we agree and less about our differences, talked more peace and practiced less hatred, recognizing that every man has his

rights whether he be black or white, if we did these things, we might the more readily be able to dispel the atrabilious viewpoints that we hold and hasten the day when all alike, as the Prophet Isaiah says: "shall with joy draw water from the wells of salvation."

I recall having spent at Lake Placid some years ago a vacation with the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. As we parted he handed me his photograph, and putting his arm about me, he said: "When we understand each other we love each other more." This holds good in secular, national, social and religious life. Ignorance is the cause of many misunderstandings, and misunderstandings are the causes of much hatred and bitterness. When we get together and understand, we learn to love more.

Even the super-critical can at least be reasonable, courteous, charitable, brotherly, kindly, helpful, co-operative, without a betrayal of principle or truth. There are many different states and territories, but they all, with the added district, are combined in one great United States, and one would not presume to be at war against another, no matter what the difference might be.

In like manner politicians should never be partisan, but should rather realize that they are striving for the public and not for mere personal welfare. Economy is public welfare. Likewise also honesty and ability. Politicians are public servants, whether president or policeman. The public does not care to what party you belong, so long as the office is conscientiously and economically

administered for the benefit of the people. Less therefore of political controversy and more of political efficiency and honesty, economy and accountability, would be better for the public welfare.

In much the same way should be the nations of the world, or a United States of the World, in which justice, truth and mercy might prevail, where there might be a great International Jury of the Nations to settle differences in a great National Court of Justice. After fighting and quarreling we settle things. Surely it is better to settle differences in the beginning than in the end. Why go to war? Is there not a nobler, a more civilized and a more economical way?

We need in States, Nations, Business and Churches today, more of the spirit that existed in the day of Boaz between him and his workmen. Going out into the fields Boaz greeted his men with the words, "Scholem Aleichem"—"the Lord be with thee," and they responded, saying, "Aleichem Scholem"—"the Lord bless thee."

We talk about the awfulness, the horror, the butchery, the devastation, the hell of war. But how shall we avert war so long as in our hearts we bear malice, whether in national, political or business transactions? Why not rather, combine upon common grounds as did our men during the World War while on the battle-fields? Let us strive for that idyllic period when the war-drum shall throb no longer and "the battle-flag is furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

And, if all this be a good thing for the

nations of the world, for business, for politics, why not for the Church? Why not more and more a spirit of co-operation for individual and national peace; why not work in deeds of mercy and love as a united church, all doing God's work of reconciliation? Why not more of the spirit of the one great universal family, with God as our Father, "who art in heaven?" Hath not God made of one blood all nations, and such as are His children, are they not dear to Him? Shall we be so unreasonably prejudiced against others, as to be forever wanting to "call down fire from heaven" upon them, because they do not happen to be one of us? Are there not some points of contact at which we can meet, some lines along which we can work, some things upon which we can agree? How about the first great commandment as a starting point? "Love the Lord thy God." "The second is like unto the first. Love thy neighbor." Familiar as are these words to all, nevertheless few, if any, obey them to the utmost. And yet, is not this fraternal? Is it not right? Would not this put an end to wars?

Selfishness unfortunately rules the motives of many and when once its capacity for gratification has become exhausted and there are no more gifts and favors to be granted, then the poor deluded victim turns in vain for sympathy and support.

Not only unselfish love is requisite. But there must also be deeds. Every one therefore should have a noble purpose in life so as the better to be able to "dig wells" and help others. A man is foolish to recklessly

squander his time, opportunities and money. Many who were once poor having systematically saved and economized, have not only become men of power and influence, but are also part owners of their country by way of their capital. As over against such, are those who swing to another extreme. They selfishly get and keep all they can lay hold on. We need "diggers of wells," men and women who are unselfish in their motives, being ever ready to forego self-interest in their zeal to promote the happiness and welfare of others. It often takes but a very little to "dig a well." And yet, with every deed you are sowing a seed even though you may not see its immediate results. But, if thereby you make some one happy, you have done well.

Recently in my pastoral rounds I had occasion to go into a store in a far-off section of the city. A sweet little child entered, and in my fondness for children I asked the storekeeper to give the little miss an ice-cream cone. She was so appreciative that I also bought her a piece of chocolate and a tiny toy basket. As the child gratefully accepted all and was about to depart she turned to me and said: "I hope you will keep well and be strong." It touched me so deeply that I answered animatedly: "You dear little angel! May God bless you!"

It was just a little well that I had dug for a little stranger, but the 25 cents that I had spent in digging it gave me more joy than does \$25 often spent in other ways.

Why not then begin each day with a resolution that before its close you will do a deed

of kindness for someone who may really be in need of your unselfish consideration? It may mean a new start in life for some one whose courage is sinking low, and it will mean to you personally great joy at the close of the day. I know it is the fault of some themselves that neither God nor their fellow-men should care for them, but what of it? God still cares for them, even though their sin be as scarlet. God cares for you and for me. We are not faultless by any means. Why not then "dig a well" for some one whose soul thirsts for living water? Why not be a Big Brother, a Big Sister? Just try it, and see what great joy there is in helping another.

That which is needed today is a proper education of the young. You can't legislate people into heaven, nor can you by force compel them to love either the laws of the land or the people with whom they live. We need to be educated from youth to be "kindly affectioned one toward another in brotherly love." If children, by example and precept, are taught to hate each other, how can the world ever be at peace, either religiously, socially or nationally?

Every one should exercise the spirit of Lincoln who urged, "Charity for all and malice toward none." Or, Washington who said: "Look carefully after those things that make for peace." U. S. Grant said: "Let us have peace." St. Paul said: "Follow after those things which make for peace." And, "the Prince of Peace" said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Such men and women, having God's peace in their hearts and helping others to keep the peace are not only "digging wells," but they are rightly called "the children of God." They are not living for the sake of making a living, but for the sake of making useful lives. Unselfishly they "deal bread to the hungry," knowing that an underfed body and an underfed mind often turns toward crime. Thus, in both word and deed they are public benefactors.

It is always a sad thing to find some whose lives are blighted with the sin of ingratitude, who accepting blessings and favors, do so without expressing themselves, or giving even any indication of emotion. I sometimes think the Graces, Benevolence and Gratitude, will need an introduction in heaven.

But, whether these graces be recognized or not on earth, it is most gratifying to find Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, who are unselfishly "digging wells," that the weary travelers along the way of life may be refreshed by their deeds of kindness, their words of love. And, many do have a heart of gratitude which reveals itself in the countenance with a grateful, "God bless you."

In union there is strength, and when once there is established a mutual feeling of kindness, the love of Jonathan and David, of the Three Musketeers—all for one and one for all—then will not only "the wall be built" as each builds "over against his own house," but there also will ensue a greater degree of co-operation for the dethronement of iniquity and the enthroning of lasting peace on earth

and good will one toward another.

May God help us all that, more and more, day by day in the interest of unity, growth, and happiness, we may assist in "digging wells" for a better home life, for an economic honest efficiency in the political and national affairs of our country, for a closer bond of fellowship in our industrial, religious and racial problems, for a linking of the future glories with the present life and for greater love toward both God and our fellowmen!

In our great cathedrals, churches and synagogues they sing in Latin, English and Hebrew. But whether in one or other of the many different languages, high up in the domes and far out above the confined audiences is another, greater assembly, "a great cloud of witnesses." Up in the great auditorium of God, where are the angels and archangels, there the music becomes more and more the expression of one thought in the language of the soul.

In like manner, down in this world by showing love one toward another, by living more and more each for the other and all for the glory of God, by "digging wells" of sweet refreshing living waters for others, we shall at last the better be able to join with those in glory above where together the redeemed will sing a "new song." If now we prove true to our trust as God's workmen, we will then be changed into "living stones for the spiritual building, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And "in that day, ye shall say, Praise the Lord."

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Love
Enchains
All

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TEN THOUSAND EDITION

Love Enchains All

BY L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.



No rope of pearls
about one's neck
Could so adorn
or beauty deck,
As when a mother's
arm in love
Encircles us like
God's above.

No music is just
quite as sweet
No matter where we
it may meet,
As when a mother
hums a song
When she forgives
her child a wrong.

No glances do us
so inspire
Nor set the heart
of love on fire,
As when a mother
gives a smile
To those who suffer
here awhile.

SECOND PAGE

No mirror makes
us seem so dear
Nor takes from us
the look of fear,
As when we gaze
in mother's eyes
And see a heart
of wond'rous size.

Many are sad
no one knows why
But pleasures cannot
soul peace buy,
'Tis mother's love
for darling child
That melts his heart
tho' he's been wild.

Her love brings to
the weeping eye
Something that money
cannot buy,
For mother's love
brings tears and joy
To her own darling
wayward boy.

THIRD PAGE

Oh wayward child
a mother's heart
Has bled for you
since you did part,
Her locks have grown
to a deep gray
Since you from home
have gone away.

E'en now her eyes
are filled with tears
As she doth count
the passing years,
Wondering where
her boy may roam
The boy she loves
tho' he's left home.

Yes, many a prayer
both morn and night
She breathes to God
to keep him right,
Although her boy
forgets her love,
Yet mother prays
to God above.

FOURTH PAGE

Her love no bounds
can circumscribe,
Like God's it doth
pity ascribe,
She loves and loves
and loves and loves,
Whether on earth
or heaven above.

Yet greater than
our mother dear
Is God who takes
from us all fear,
He never leaves His
own dear child
His heart is love,
His look is mild.

God's love is wond'rous
in its scope
And oft saves those
who have no hope,
He doth extend to
each a call
For in God's heart
Love Enchains All.

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Thoughts



by Dr. L. M. Zimmerman

What Are The Flowers Saying?

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Stately *Peonies* like soldiers,
Stand in colorful review;
We must emulate their courage,
Play your part! Be strong! Be true!

There's a poise about the *Dahlia*
That suggests repose and grace—
Can we not in all our conduct
Show a calm and fearless face?

Velvet-colored *Pansies* blooming,
Modestly their hues display:
Goodness boasts not of its virtue,
As it serves God day by day.

Lilacs are God's wayside preachers,
Urging all His works to do—
Cheer discouraged! Lift the fallen!
With new hope the weak imbue!

(Continued on inside back cover)

Thoughts

By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Baltimore—Washington

Edition 100,000

THOUGHTS are flashes from the mind
Meaning to be very kind;
Often they are hard earnings
Yet for us have sweet yearnings.

JOYS that often would be ours
Yet remain in blooming flowers,
Unseen by the mortal eye,
To the one who passes by.

AS others you've cheered along
May mem'ries help make you strong,
And with sunshine in your soul
All sad thoughts you can control.

MAY these thoughts help spread some
cheer,
In your ev'ryday career,
And may they help warm your heart
As another day you start.

IF per chance gloom be at night,
May God's peace help make all bright;
And some more good wishes too
I am now wishing for YOU.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Religion With A Glow

RADIANT lives are ever needed
To send forth the helping glow,
Telling those in deepest sorrow
Of the way they now should go.
All this world as God first made it
Was excelling to the eye,
Trees and flowers, lakes and rivers,
Beauty lifted to the sky.

THERE'S a peace about all nature
That suggests repose and grace;
Can we not in daily living
Show a calm and peaceful face?
Flowers oft express devotion,
Gladly sing their Master's praise,
Saying sweetly to the thoughtless
"Let us praise Him all our days."

PUT a glow in the expression
That now plays upon your face,
Let it show you've been with Jesus,
That you know His love and grace.
Give forth Christly emanations
Tell men of His constant care,
Let your face speak His religion,
Make your smile a winsome prayer.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

A Little "Shut-In" Friend

THE sweetest atmosphere
Oft times comes with good cheer
From a "shut-in."
And I recall one such,
Who was loved very much,
Leaned hard upon a crutch,
But free from sin.

COMPLAINTS she never made,
Her morals were high grade,
Christ lived in her.
A lesson all should learn
And for holiness yearn,
As they to God return
Perchance they err.

OFTEN through such "shut-ins"
Another soul God wins,
It's so today.
God plans for final joy,
Free from worldly alloy,
Which nothing can destroy,
That is His way.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

God And You

HAVE faith in God,
and it renew,
Do not blame Him
for wrongs you do.
He does His part,
we must do ours,
And build for Him
not Babel towers.

PRAY unto God,
rely on Him,
Let His light shine
and not grow dim.
He works through you,
with Him deal fair,
Not simply pray,
then look and dare.

Just A Thought

HASTY words thoughtlessly spoken, often
separate dear friends,
Leaving heart-ache and regrettings, ere
misunderstanding ends.
It were better at such ill times, not to
argue but keep still,
Grievous words oft stir up anger, soft
replies quick tempers kill.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Expectancy

LOOKING forward and not backward
Is an art that many need,
Much is often best forgotten
Of what we both hear and read.
Looking forward and expectant
Of the happier days to come,
Rids you of despairs and doubtings
And makes life the more winsome.

FORGETTING things that annoyed you
Is a secret oft for health,
And thereby many in business
Have attained unto great wealth.
Looking forward with assurance
That tomorrow, will be bright,
Stimulates you with a vigor
That keeps hope always in sight.

WHY destroy your present living
With sad mem'ries of the past,
Why recall tormenting worries
That dark shadows yet do cast!
God has meant you should be happy,
Be expectant of the best,
Trust in Him and be courageous
He will help you stand the test.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Power Of Thought

THOUGHTS are often habit forming,
Though unconscious one may be
Of the growing habit in him,
Failing his own thoughts to see.

MAN himself, product of thinking,
Improves or declines in time,
Is respected, highly honored,
Or debases self with crime.

IT is thought at the beginning,
That slowly fashions each life,
Making self loveable, charming,
Or embitters life with strife.

DAY BY DAY think thoughts praiseworthy,
Optimistic, cheerful, clean,
Have strong faith in God and virtue,
And rich blessings you will glean.

YOUR thoughts help make you good or
vain,
They give you joy or give you pain.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Great Physician

CHRISt we call the Great Physician,
Healer of Mankind;
Understanding each one's troubles,
Him as Friend we find.
In our search for health or pleasure
Much there is to do.
We must practice what He taught us
Grow as once He grew.

HAve we feelings of resentment
That made church-love die?
Is our friendship damaged greatly
At our own fireside?
Bring your ills to Christ Physician
It will aid in your plea.
Let Him help bear daily burdens
As by Him we kneel.

BLESSED Lord, we so much need Thee
Ev'ry day and hour;
Make us eager to behold Thee,
Show Thy healing power.
Teach us patience when we suffer;
Lead us on our way;
Give us peace and calm composure—
Be our Life to-day.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

When Ill Or Worried

WHEN all went well and you had health,
You planned things you would do,
You had visions of the future,
Dreams you hoped would come true.

Now perhaps you're ill or worried,
Knowing not what to do,
"Call upon me in your trouble,"
God is saying to you.

HE is the one that can help you,
Unto Him, thankful be
For past blessing He has giv'n you,
Through prayer, He will heal.

FAITH in Him is what is needed,
That will help to make you well,
Or relieve you in your troubles,
Let trust in God excel.

NONE from trials are exempted,
Be assured He does care,
When in distress converse with Him,
Talk with Him in your prayer.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Spiritual Cross

THE cross of gold, the cross of pearls
May attract the eye
Of the passer-by.
It should remind you of the Lord
Who for you did die,
On Him then rely.

WHEN you are asked to bear a cross,
It's doing something
And not repining,
A spiritual cross you then take up
It may be to sing,
Or message to bring.

A SELF-DENIAL, forgiveness,
Kindly to convey
Gratitude to pay,
Or sacrifice for cause of God,
His laws to obey,
Live for Him each day.

Blessings Of The Sanctuary

IN THE CHURCH we are with Jesus,
And we there do God adore,
In our quiet waiting on Him,
Lost strength we again restore,
To attend a worship service
Heals the soul of many wounds,
In his presence sorrows vanish,
Faith returns and grace abounds.

ONE DAY THERE is worth a thousand,
Said the Psalmist long ago,
Living in the temple's shadows
He, of all men, this could know.
Fellowship in worship brings us
One with God and fellowman,
It transforms the class distinction
Of rich, poor, or the orphan.

THROUGH fresh contacts with our Saviour
We are vitalized anew,
Aspirations high and holy,
Will of God ready to do.
Keep up high church-going standards,
Do the things our Lord requires,
Stand apart from world allurements
Keep the church that He requires.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Yes or No

BECAUSE Adam
Said Yes, not No,
We've all suffer'd
And greatly so.
A mistake made
You can't recall,
To some it means
Their great downfall.

IN marriage vows,
In business too,
Also pleasures
That concern you;
All go to show
Importance great,
It's best oft times
To tarry, wait!

HASTE may mean pain
And sore regret,
Hence first from God,
His answer get.
If His Voice says
That all is well,
Then Yes or No,
You best can tell.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Retaining Youth Though Aged

THE giant oak is yet a tree,
And aged souls can youthful be;
Some still cavort around with youth
Praising our God, seeking His Truth.

AT eighty, ninety, some are young,
Using a kind and timely tongue,
Proving themselves to be a friend,
As they sad hearts yet help to mend.

THERE'S always something we can do,
If we will add a smile or two;
We are enriched and life enjoy,
When mind and hands we yet employ.

THINGS that you keep are what you give,
In lives of others they yet live,
The love, service, you give away,
In your old days bring you rich pay.

LORD, may we learn youth to retain,
And longer in Thy work remain
Doing each task as best we can
In carrying out Thine own rich plan.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Triumphs Of Youth

NEW tomorrow's will be waiting
For the youth we know to-day ;
They're the ones who'll make the future,
In the things they do and say.

YOUTH with courage, faith and morals,
Are needed to take control,
That the cities, states and nations,
God's high justice may extol.

FOR the coming years before them
They should now their hearts prepare,
So that when they're called for service
Each may do his rightful share.

COMING glories of the nations
Will be largely as they're planned ;
Meanwhile discipline and schooling
Should the entire strength command.

BE the worker God is wanting,
One in whom all men take pride,
Think what you'll do tomorrow,
Let Christ be your daily guide.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

A Widow's Gift, And Yours

JESUS sat near the treasury
Where people did money cast,
He observed what each one did give,
A widow came toward the last.

As she handed in her money,
She gave two mites, all she had,
It was her daily-wage perhaps,
But gladly she did it add.

HER motive was the very best,
Her duty she would perform,
If in proportion all would give,
The whole world, God could transform.

AT any rate, each should give more
To our God for His great cause;
When we think of the poor widow,
We do reflect, as we pause.

As we are blessed, so may we give,
And do for God, long as we live.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

For What To Pray

PRAY that God's will, His work, His way,
You always may truly obey,
That conscience void of an offense,
May be your rich experience.

PRAY that God may your life control,
That no harm come into your soul,
That ev'ry day you good works do—
That God at least can count on you.

KEEP heart of yours a hallowed shrine
Where faith, hope and love do shine,
On Christ the Rock be sure you stand,
Led by His own blest guiding hand.

PRAY God may rule your mind and heart,
That from Him you will not depart,
But that His guidance you may heed,
And on His truths your soul may feed.

WHEN God we know and understand,
We'll follow Him and clasp His hand,
Lord God teach us then, how to pray,
That for Thee we may live each day.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Life Beyond

THE cherished thoughts of life beyond,
Inspired in us great cheer,
For life to come and life that is
Are linked so very near.
And that is why we each should now
Prepare, our God to meet,
For none know how or where or when
We may each other greet.

TO be assured that our best work
Will live on after death,
Gives cheer to all who're true to God,
Now and at their last breath.
Departing they with God do dwell,
Hence, friends need not then weep,
For saints redeemed live on with Him,
Who doth them safely keep.

AND so the life we now cherish
In Father's Home above,
Will be His great Benediction
Of everlasting love.
We now should then faithfully serve,
With our sins washed away,
Being true and faithful children
As we serve Him each day.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

With Thanks And Praise

WITH daily thanks and praise
That fill the very soul,
Let us remember God,
And Him as Lord extol.
Those who are ungrateful,
True joy shall never know;
They carry inner grief
Wherever they may go.

LET praise our habit be
And God our holiest thought,
Then shall we know the truth
And live the lives we ought.
A thankful heart will see
Much proof of lasting good,
And seeing, it shall have
And keep, a joyful mood.

OUR thanks and praise are like
Two oars upon life's sea—
One would not be enough
Two there must ever be.
With thanks we lift our hearts
To Him who dwells above.
With praise we draw our hearts
To His in endless love.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

World Fellowship And Peace

WORLD fellowship our Lord did teach
That nations all He might now reach;
Said He in love: "Brethren ye are,"
United be both near and far.
The world is practically one,
With achievements that have been won;
Then change all hatred into prayer
And show to others that you care.

LET all respect God's fam'ly tie
That brotherhood may never die,
Since of one blood God hath made all,
Let each the other brother call.
If lasting peace nations would win,
Then one and all must forsake sin,
Iniquity in hearts concealed
By grace of God must be repealed.

REPENTANCE is our greatest need,
And nations all should hence take heed,
It's not enough to pray one day
And then from God to run away.
Repentant to our Lord above,
In a world-fellowship of love,
We'll have on earth good will and peace,
And have all wars forever cease.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Our Requirements

ACROSS the miles in far away
We read what others have to say,
But as a rule we hear the worst,
For such news some have a bad thirst.
Yet when we speak with those who know,
We learn reports are oft not so.

SEEK then the facts ere you condemn,
If here or in Jerusalem,
The Christ-spirit enjoins play fair,
For in your heart thoughts linger there.
Do justly then, have mercy too,
And that means me, and it means you.

IF with our God we humbly walk,
We'll guard our deeds and what we talk,
When such requirements we do meet
Our God we'll love and better greet;
At home, in church, in business, we
From hate and sin, all should be free.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Parents - Children

PARENTS, children—God is speaking
Unto you today;
Bless'd are all who do regard Him
And His laws obey.
Good morale and manners wholesome
Sweeten fam'ly ties.
Love creates co-operation,
And home glorifies.

WHEN all members work together
As everyone ought,
When for parents and for children
Lives the kindly thought—
In such homes of Christly conduct
There is happiness.
God Himself is present ever,
These homes He doth bless.

“HAVE I paid respect to parents,”
Let each child now ask
Lest some day their hearts be heavy
In a dreary task.
Problems also come to children
These let elders view;
With a patient understanding
Helping them anew.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Invisible, Yet Present

IN an Upper Room assembled,
Through closed doors Christ did appear,
And He stood before the people,
To every one He was near.

SO in all Christly assemblies
Although unseen, Christ is there
Standing in the midst beholding
People's thought and silent prayer.

BY faith and gifts we worship Him,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Yet His touch is there to bless you,
And He passes no one by.

IF you give self to Him wholly,
He'll go with you all the way,
Never leave you, nor forsake you.
Tribute to Him always pay.

HE refreshes, strengthens, helps us,
Comforts in the saddened hour,
Has sufficient grace for each one,
And imparts the needed power.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Being God-Conscious

WE should all be more God-conscious,
Knowing He is ev'rywhere,
And has laws and plans and purpose,
Of which we should be aware.
"Be ye still, know that I am God,"
Speaks His voice from up on High,
It commands of us attention,
In the rush as we pass by.

THOSE who rightly keep His counsels,
Gifts from Him ev'ryone wins,
But those who ignore His pleadings
They suffer by their own sins.
When depressed and all seems darkened,
Hearken to His voice, "Be still,"
In the silence of the midnight,
God is with you, fear no ill.

AT the feet of God our Father
We His children all should learn
To honor and heed His teachings,
And from sin forever turn.
Purify O God our living
That Thy voice we seek to hear;
Purge our seeing, cleanse our hearing
That we all may Thee revere.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Silent Messengers

THERE are messengers of silence
Whom both you and I oft meet,
Whether in the country's lone path
Or along the public street.
There's the saintly, godly woman,
Or her opposite in sin,
Or the gentleman of culture
Near by him, one filled with gin.

THROUGH the one you see God speaking,
On the face you see His grace,
On the other are deep cold lines,
Showing marks of sin's disgrace.
Though they walk along in silence
The expression of each speaks,
In a language that is silent,
Which true character bespeaks.

OCHRIST, we long to be like Thee
That others Thee in us may see. Amen.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Christmas Spirit

THE ideals of Christmas Spirit,
Designed by God for us all,
We at least should strive to gain,
As for help on Him we call.

WE rid ourselves of jealousies,
Suspensions and warlike hate,
When we the more on God rely.
Wrath in hearts does then abate.

THOUGH it take a generation,
Education can do much,
As minds and hearts of young people
We in prayer begin to touch.

WE should set for them example,
Of Christmas spirit each day,
Showing that we are on God's side—
With Him we drive wars away.

MAY your ev'ry Christmas thought
Be those which Jesus brought,
With a friendship dear and true,
This dear friend, I'm wishing you.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

What Are The Flowers Saying?

(Continued from inside front cover)

Morning Glories shine in splendor
Soon they perish in the sun,
Picture of a love that withers
Long before life's day is done.

Simple *Primrose* is a Gospel
Answering the Master's call:
"Go, proclaim My love to others,
Tell the world I died for all."

Orchids please the hearts of lovers,
Whisper hopes of high romance;
Do they promise for the future
Strength for love's long maintenance?

Bell-like *Lilies of the Valley*
Sound a truth for bride and groom;
Trust, forgive, forbear, forever—
For this grace you must find room.





Zimmerman



Love And Sunshine

By

L. M. ZIMMERMAN,
D.D., LL.D.

Copyright, 1940,
by L. M. Zimmerman
Lafayette Hotel,
Washington, D. C.
(Edition 135,000)

*LOVE and sunshine,
twins of Heaven,
Bring their cheer to
shadowed earth.*

*He who made the sunshine radiant
Gives through love life's fadeless worth.
His the light that sets hearts glowing,
Till they overflow with song,
And the melody Love gives us
Wings of joy must bear along.*

*To be enriched with faith and song,
Both love and sunshine spread along.*

Roses Will Bloom Again

TIME brings its varied hap'nings
And each must have a share,
Whether of joy or sadness
For all we must prepare.
No one's exempt from trouble,
Some days we need for rain,
But though we have our sorrows
Roses will bloom again!

GRAIN crushed by heavy rainfalls
Will oft again arise;
So help and do not hinder
Others to win the prize.
Though crushed by some misfortune
Where sin has left a stain,
Yet by a loving Father
Roses will bloom again!

MORALE may be deflated
With business dull and slow,
But do not be discouraged,
Take hold and make it go.
Look up, take heart and hold on
Until success is plain,
For when you least expect them
Roses will bloom again!

SOMEONE may rouse your anger
But you will happier live,
If you can curb your temper
And then in love forgive.
Be patient in your actions
And, though you suffer pain,
The pain refines the spirit—
Roses will bloom again!

HAS there been cold indif'rence?
Kind words heal many a wound.
Sad tears are dried with kisses
And joy and cheer abound.
Life is too short to quarrel,
We must our vows maintain,
And love, though we may differ—
Roses will bloom again!

BRIGHT homes are often saddened
With loneliness and loss,
Death takes away a loved one
And leaves a heavy cross.
But from celestial mansions
There comes a sweet refrain,
That in the heav'nly garden
Roses will bloom again!

WOULD you in all things triumph,
Win God's eternal praise?
Then trust in Christ your Saviour
And serve Him all your days.
Sometimes the way is weary
And tired hearts complain,
With Christ we shall be victors,
Roses will bloom again!

THUS face to face with trials
Be brave and do your best,
We are to plant and water,
Our God will do the rest.
Cheer up! dear one, be hopeful,
Life will not be in vain,
After the storms of winter
Roses will bloom again!

*Let a rose of your love tell
For the sick and for the well.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

They Shall Not Know

THEY shall not know that I was hurt!
A friend may thoughtlessly be curt,
A foe, with sinister intent,
May give a blow he fully meant;
But striking him who does you ill
Is but to show the world's hard will.
Let suff'ers walk a fairer path,
A gentle answer conquers wrath.
So there was One they hated most
Who prayed forgiveness for the host.
Forgiving hearts forgiveness find,
To them the Christ is ever kind.
'Tis best that God alone should know
Why wounded souls keep loving so.
As trembling stars shine through the
 night,
So bleeding hearts can still be bright.
The more of light and love you give,
The happier you yourself will live.
Then let the Christ your pattern be—
Through Him you can the Father see.

*God's love distilled into our lives,
Kills hate, and love instead survives.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Time For Prayer

ANY hour when helping others,
Or when bearing heavy care,
Is the time to call our Father,
It's the proper time for prayer.

PRAY'R may be a bit informal—
In deep silence as we eat—
In the office—at the workshop—
As we walk along the street.

THINGS at times must be done quickly,
Thanks to God, He's always near,
Knows our thoughts before they're
uttered,
Faintest whispers He can hear.

PLEADING eyes in upward glances—
Burning tears upon the cheek—
Hearts attuned to God's sweet presence—
These God knows before we speak.

*Prayers that speed our earnest thought,
Bring God's answers richly fraught.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Touched By Another's Grief

THE bleak highway of death and pain
Was trod by one in grief from *Nain*;
This widow lost her only son
Before his work had seemed half done.
Touched by her grief the Lord drew near,
"Weep not," He said, and touched the
bier;

He raised the son saved from the grave,
To mother He the son then gave.
This Christ the Prince of Life today
Still meets us on the saddened way.
He has compassion for us all,
And heeds the humblest, faintest call.
"Weep not" He says to you and me
When through sad tears we blindly see;
Though words of Christ may be but few,
Yet words like His can wonders do.
Like shadows of an angel's wings
True sympathy new healing brings,
It is a balm for sorest grief,
Though oft conveyed in message brief.

*When others know we feel their pain,
New strength at once they seem to gain.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

All Is Well

(A Hymn)

ALL is well when God is with us—
When He doth us guide,
Through the storm and night we travel
Safe close by His side.

ALL is well when God gives orders
And when we obey,
Doubt and fear will not dismay us—
Heed what He shall say.

ALL is well though God rebuke us—
Well, when He says "No",
For "tomorrow" God is planning
Blessings to bestow.

ALL is well amid our trials—
Well, though great the loss,
God still lives and solves all problems,
Makes crowns from a cross.

CHORUS

ALL is well, spread the tidings
Go God's message tell,
By your witness others teaching
All, with God, is well.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

What Do We In Others See?

"LITTLE lower than the angels"
God at first created man,
And despite man's disobedience
God does not forsake love's plan.
What's the yardstick we are using
In our dealings with mankind?
Jesus warned lest, harsh to others,
To our own sins we be blind.
Let your love search more for virtues,
Shining brightly through the flaws,
For there's always goodness somewhere,
Mixed somehow with broken laws.
We should judge with warm compassion,
Giving help and not reproof,
Christ for sinners has forgiveness,
But the world is hard, aloof.
Some on whom we pass dark judgment
Will in Heav'n God's crowned ones be,
Some in Jesus saw no virtue.
What do we in others see?

*God's measuring rod for us will be
Much like what we in others see.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Now We Understand

IS LIFE to thee a mystery,
Are some things hard to bear,
Doth God now speak obscurely
As heavenward Thou dost fare,
And dost thou stop and wonder
Amid life's stormy day
Why God in all His wisdom
Should choose the darker way?

“WHAT I do now thou knowest not,”
Says Christ, the Friend of friends,
“But thou shalt know hereafter—”
Are loving words He sends;
The strokes that fall upon thee
Sent by His strange commands,
Prepare the soul for heaven
The House not made with hands.

IN MANY ways of sorrow,
By tears and pain and woe,
God separates from evil
His children here below.
He leads them in lone valleys
And hedges up their way
To keep them in the straight path
That leads to endless day.

THE burdens which oppress us
And often weigh us down,
Are meant for wings to lift us
To heights of high renown,
That when our work is ended
And we see all things plain,
We'll know that in God's dealings
He meant the loss for gain.

THUS suff'ring with the Master,
We bear with Him the cross,
Fighting with Him the battles,
We shall not suffer loss;
But glorified and reigning,
We shall with Jesus stand,
Confess, 'mid scenes of rapture,
That now we understand.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Where Art Thou, Man?

GOD's love has made a wondrous world
Against which man war weapons
hurl'd,
Some even think God does not count—
Oh man, of self give an account!

GOD does not make the dreadful war,
It's man that gets us where we are—
Then those of harmony and peace
Are dragged to war with hate's increase.

"WHERE art Thou, God", men some-
times ask,
Facing man-made war's awful task,
But when we think of God's peace plan,
God well may ask, "Where art thou,
man"?

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Mending Broken Lives

TO SINNERS, Christ's a Friend,
He doth none e'er deny,
And He has friends who understand,
Who heed the faintest cry.
Waifs drift at times like weeds
Along the rocky beach;
When others pass them coldly by
These friends their hands outreach.
They look for shipwrecked forms
Caught in the surging whirls,
That they may yet help rescue them,
And God, from them, make pearls.
His workers, being saved,
To serving work are true,
Like angels they are sent of God
His Blessed Work to do.
To those in darkest night,
Go be a kindly friend;
Pour love and sunshine on their cares—
And broken lives you'll mend.

*To clasp a hand in direst need
Is food on which our souls oft feed.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Cumulative Influence

WE ARE always touching others—
Character lives on and on,
In one person, then another—
Long years after we are gone.
Seeds which now we each are sowing
Through the lives of others grow,
And through them the world is reaping
What at first we chanced to sow.

OFT, perhaps where least expected,
We outstretch a helping hand
Through an influence we extended
That has spread across the land.
Cast thy bread upon the waters!
It will strengthen many a one;
You will never know the influ'nce
Till the Father says, "Well done."

*With Christ in it, good influence thrives,
Lives on and on and never dies.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

The Garden Of The Soul

BARREN fields are changed to gardens,
Filled with beauty rare to see,
Flowers blooming, fruits abounding,
Watered by God's streams so free.

SOULS once steeped in sin, recovered
By God's rich inflowing love,
Are transformed to pleasant gardens
Like the heav'nly one above.

KEEPING clean the souls, our gardens,
Calls for unremitting care,
Lest like weeds a sin may enter
Ere we really are aware.

WHEN you feel sore grief oppress you
And you need Christ to console,
You will always find Him waiting
In the garden of the soul.

*The soul of man is breadth of God,
Ennobling it above the sod.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Your Highest Zest

JUST to be good and not the best
Is living life with a low zest;
Like Mary choose the better part
And daily in it put your heart.
There're many who are really good
But could be better if they would;
Life's lasting values are not sold
At prices less than Heaven's gold.
Not merely some but everything
Would out of lofty virtues spring,
If humbly we with God would walk
And seriously with Him we'd talk.
Not sometimes but at all times we
Should truly faithful Christians be,
Not angels when we others meet
And quarrel when at home we eat.
Religion must all times be true,
Its purposes revealed to view;
Let law of love your sunshine spread
In all your plans for days ahead.

*Not mere belief and creed, but how we live
and act,
Reveals the naked truth, establishes the fact.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

In The Land Of New Beginnings

ARE you broken and defeated
In the strife with sin and pain?
In the Land of New Beginnings
God will help you start again.

HAS your peace been robbed by temper?
Friendships broken end in feud?
In the Land of New Beginnings
Each repents—Lo, ties renewed.

HAS breavement brought deep shadows?
Do forebodings lie ahead?
In the Land of New Beginnings
Trust can see they are not dead.

THEN go forth with faith and courage,
Filled with radiancy of soul!
In the Land of New Beginnings,
Hope renews life's shining goal.

*No matter what the scar or pain,
There's always God to help again.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Loneliness Of God

GOD, the source of all beginnings,
Long before mankind was known,
Heard the songs of angels chorus
Singing praise before His throne.
But the earth was wrapped in darkness,
As the Spirit watched above.
Though He was a God of Power,
Yet He had a heart of Love;
Sought companions, and created
Man whose soul can also love.
God is Father, we're His family—
Be to Him a faithful child!
He's on time in all our weakness—
Don't repay with conduct wild!
Does He miss us when all's prosp'rous?
Do we treat Him as we should?
Would we not all be more faithful
If we better understood?
Mortal eyes cannot behold Him,
Yet there is a Holy Place—
In His Holy Temple seek Him;
He will meet us face to face.

*'Tis wondrous that the Mighty God
Should walk with creatures of the sod.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

God's Lamplighters

THOUGH the critic may not see you
As your trade you humbly ply,
Yet you may on darkened highways—
Light God's lamp for passersby.

LIFE at times is dark and dreary—
Seems the sun would shine no more,
Hopes lie blasted, promise shipwrecked,
Dear ones crushed, our hearts are
sore.

THEN a light is flashed in darkness,
Faith exclaims: "I see my way,"
Prayer has found its glorious answer—
Darkened night is turned to day.

SO FOR lonely, weary pilgrims
Set some friendly gleam on high,
That you may be God's good helper—
Lighting lamps for passersby.

*We all can help in song and prayer,
But in good works we too must share.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

He Loves You, Loves You Still

WHEN you're puzzled o'er life's
problems,
With your thoughts in brooding maze,
When in pain or grief or trouble
Worry never, never pays.
There are always compensations
Though just now you may not know;
Count the past with many blessings—
See in number how they grow!
Think of God and how He loves you,
Tested, lo, at Calvary.
Suffered for us as none suffers—
Lo, He loves both you and me.
Though just now all may be myst'ry
As o'er head may hang a cloud;
"God's tomorrow" brings a blessing
When His praise you'll sing aloud.
Then cheer up, dear one, and trust Him,
Trust in God, obey His will,
He is Father to His children
And He loves you, loves you still.

*God gives His full, richest measure,
To thee He gives of His treasure.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

"Reserved In Heaven For You"

PEACE which none can take away
God is giving day by day;
Times may rob us of our health,
Take away the worldly wealth;
Christ the Prince of Peace and Love
Keeps for us treasures above.

RADIANT days shine with His light;
He keeps watch in darkest night,
O'er the storm His powers reign,
None shall seek His face in vain.
Only "strangers" here below,
Toward the Father's House we go.

DAY by day we're marching on
'Til our work will all be done;
God will then His children own,
Welcome them upon His throne;
There's a place God has in view—
It's "reserved in Heav'n for you."

*Beyond the shield of narrow gates
God's ample place in Heaven waits.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

1860 Reveries Of 1940
An Octogenarian

LIFE's course with lightning feet has run ;
Praise God for what through me He's
done,
In all these years, close by my side,
God's been my Friend, my faithful Guide.

IN YOUTH my life was filled with joy—
I feared that time might all destroy ;
My sum of years is now grown great,
And life is just as sweet of late.

AT EIGHTY, one tastes much of life
And knows too well its bitter strife ;
Yet compensations day by day
By far its hardships now outweigh.

REMARKS of ill spread fast and grow
Before the facts we've time to know ;
A mellow age makes judgment kind,
And seeks where virtues it may find.

AT EIGHTY with some darkened days
I better understand God's ways,
For discipline burns out the dross
And crowns are seen beyond the cross.

MATURER years may wiser be,
And dimming eyes more clearly see,
Life's higher worth we yet may gain
If we will smile though we're in pain.

WE CAN be young in heart and mind,
To others we can yet be kind,
Sing songs of praise to God through tears,
And grow in grace through all our years.

LIFE'S been to me a precious friend,
And God to me rich gifts did lend,
Not what we get but what we give
Makes life a wondrous joy to live.

THANK God for parents good and kind,
For friends whom heartstrings closely
bind.
For children dear; Christ Church—my
pride—
For eight and thirty years my bride.

BY FAITH, good works, God's way we'll
trace
Until we meet Him, face to face,
If fellowship be here so sweet,
What heights of bliss when God we meet!

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Grace At Meals

WE THANK Thee, O God, for the sweet ties of fellowship, for the joys of serving Thee, and for the many bounties of Thy love. Sanctify all to Thy glory, and our good, for Christ's sake, Amen.

WE THANK Thee, Father, that Thou dost not only love Thy children but dost care for their daily needs. Lead us to use Thy gifts as faithful stewards of Thine, we ask in Thy Name, Amen.

BLESSED Master, be our Spiritual Host, and break unto us the Bread of Life. We thank Thee for health and strength, and for all the daily mercies of Life. Bless the food Thou hast provided for us, and us to Thy glory, Amen.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Church at 9 A. M. Interment in Glen
Haven Cemetery. 11e

ZIMMERMAN.—On March 10, 1952, at
the Lutheran Home for the Aged,
Washington, D.C., **LEANDER M., D.D.,**
L.L.D., age 91 years, beloved son of
the late Henry and Leah G. Zimmer-
man. 13e

Friends may call at the William
Cook Mansion, St. Paul & Preston
streets, from 1 P.M. on Tuesday,
March 11, until 10 P.M. Wednesday.
Lying in state in Christ Lutheran
Church, Charles and Hill streets, after
10 A.M., Thursday, where services will
be held at 8 P.M. Interment private.

Where does Nickel come
friendly metal useful,
sible to raise tons of ore
produce Nickel for your
wonders?

mines, and machines, of

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Why Not Try It?

WHEN you're sad and all goes wrong
Why not try a bit of song?
Yours may be a feeble note,
Yet for grief, an antidote.
Music set upon your lips
Spells old Demon Gloom's eclipse.
Worry helps one dig his grave,
Songs prolong the life God gave.

SONGS are always healing things,
For the fallen, strength and wings;
The second mile we eas'ly go
If a happy song we know.
Gloom so quickly disappears
When we turn away our tears.
You'll be happy all day long
If you try a bit of song.

*Though things at time may go dead wrong,
We yet may cultivate a song.*

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

to the [illegible] [illegible]

... Flowers ...

Dear Friend, we bring you but a flow'r,
And yet although it's small.
It tells you that you're not forgot
Among the sick roll call.

We therefore send "Sunshine Flowers,"
That when your faith is dim,
You may the better trust in God,
For you are loved by Him.

Surely the God who cares for flow'rs,
Will also care for you,
He heals the sick, He leads the blind,
His blessings are not few.

Amid your trials and crosses,
Do not murmur nor frown,
For linked to every heavy cross
You'll find a golden crown.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

Sunshine Flowers

FROM

The Parish Deaconess Society

... OF ...

Christ Lutheran Church

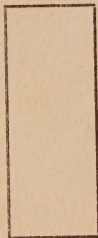
L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

PASTOR





The
Gain
Is
Yours



I.

EACH sadden'd heart you cheer,
 Is your own gain.
 Each flower you send with love,
 Is your own gain.
 Others may surly act ;
 Others may selfish be,
 But at the summing up,
 The gain is yours.

II.

Each moment you redeem,
 Is your own gain.
 Each soul you win to God,
 Is your own gain.
 Others may squander time ;
 Others may seek their ease,
 But at the close of day,
 The gain is yours.

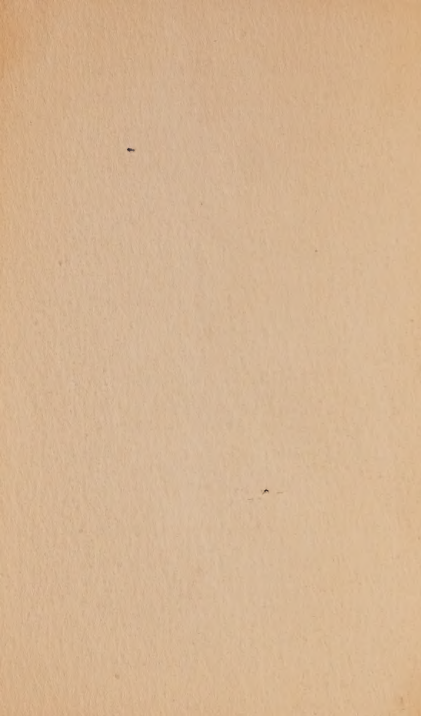
III.

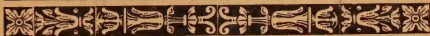
Each prayer you offer up,
 Is your own gain.
 Each time you help and give,
 Is your own gain.
 Others may live for self ;
 Others may hoard their goods,
 But as the years roll by,
 The gain is yours.

IV.

Each hour you spend with God,
 Is your own gain.
 Each sacrifice you make,
 Is your own gain.
 Others may illtreat God ;
 Others may wrong mankind,
 But face to face with God,
 The gain is yours.

—L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.



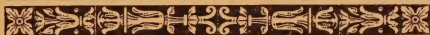


100% REJOICINGS

BY DR. L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Count your blessings and be thankful,
For "The Church You Can't Forget,"
Where God's worshippers in spirit
From Him always blessings get.
If all members are thus faithful
Both in worship and in deed,
God will give such benedictions
As immortal souls most need.

Be then earnest, up and doing
For the Thank Off'ring this year,
Make it meet with God's approval
For Christ Church we hold so dear.
If each member will be faithful,
Giving freely from the heart,
The rejoicings will be mutual
Each one having done his part.



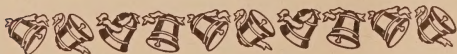


Prayer at the Turning of the Year

At the close of another year, O Lord, and at the dawning of the new, we come before Thee with our prayers of thanksgiving. Throughout the past twelve months Thou hast again been with us with Thy boundless mercy, blotting out all of our transgressions in the blood of our divine Redeemer. We know that Thou wilt be with us also in the coming year, forgiving us our many sins because of the merits of the Savior.

O Lord, as we contemplate the unknown year which stretches out before us, we recognize our weakness. As we view its endless problems, we humbly confess: "With might of ours can naught be done." At this solemn hour we therefore bring the difficulties and perplexities of the coming year to *Thee* — imploring Thee that, according to Thy promise, Thou wilt be with us and wilt share our many burdens and wilt finally lead us out of darkness into light.

Bless this year, O heavenly Father, to Thy glory and to our good, for Jesus' sake. Amen.



FRIDAY, January 1. Read Philippians 3:7-14

Just a Day at a Time

"As Thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deuteronomy 33:25.

An anxious patient, lying on her sickbed, turned to her doctor and asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here and suffer?" — "Just a day at a time," replied the kind and wise physician.

Just a day at a time! What a wonderful philosophy of life. Just a day at a time the new year will come to us with its new burdens, its new duties, its hopes, and its fears. As we stand today upon the threshold of 1943, a year which, if it continues the pace of 1942, will record great changes in the history of humanity, in the history of our country, and in the history of us as families and as individuals, let us not be depressed, despondent, or discouraged by the overwhelming greatness of its possibilities, but let us rather find comfort and strength in the fact that God has cut the coming year into smaller pieces, and we shall have to live it "just a day at a time."

And as our days, so shall our strength be. We have God's own assurance that each day throughout the coming year, yes, each day throughout *all* coming years, will find us equipped with that amount of strength that will be necessary to bear its burden, to endure its trial, to fight its battle through.

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray,
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin *just for today.*

Let me both diligently work and duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed *just for today.*

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace *just for today.*

Hymn 427) (375).

SATURDAY, January 2. Read John 14:1-6

Safe in the Everlasting Arms

"I will never leave thee." Hebrews 13:5

It is inevitable that in our weaker moments we scan the horizons of the future with apprehension and foreboding. There is no doubt that the year which we have just entered *will* have its share of anxious hours: hours of sickness, perhaps death; sleepless nights; friendless, lonely hours; moments when that lump within our throat begins to swell and that teardrop in our eye refuses to be concealed; hours when our debts seem greater than our God, when our enemies seem closer than our Savior.

But as the redeemed of Christ we can place our hand into the hand of God and march courageously onward! For if the arms of our faith cling daily to His living Word, then when days of sickness come to us in 1943, we shall hear His voice whispering to us the sweet assurance: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." If the wings of the angel of death can be heard about our home in 1943, we shall hear the voice of Him who sent that angel still proclaiming: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me shall never die." And when that friendless, lonely hour will come to us in 1943, we shall feel His loving arm about us and His cheering voice: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Lo, I am with thee alway even unto the end of the world." And in every hour of trial we shall hear the reassuring echo: "Let not your heart be troubled!"

In the future, as in the past, we shall experience the glorious comfort which comes from the sure knowledge that the Christian's cross and Christ's comfort leave God's throne at the same time. — Hymn 428 (370).

SUNDAY, January 3. Read Psalm 90:1-12

Numbering Our Days

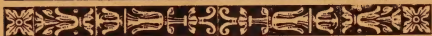
"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalm 90:12.

Time, like money, is a gift of God for the "spending" of which we shall some day have to give an account. How are we *spending* our time? As faithful Christians we will count out the few days and years which God has allotted to us and then resolve to spend them as wisely as we can.

As we move further into the new year, let us remember that it is not merely the tick of the clock or the swing of the pendulum that measures time, but it is the *deeds* which we crowd into it. It is not merely the changing of calendars that measures our years, but rather the deeds of service to God and man which we crowd into the fleeting moments as they flit and fly into eternity. A man may be 90 years old in hours but no more than six months old in the value which he has been to God and to his fellow men.

Let us look upon our hours as gifts of God which are to be used in His service, to His honor, and to the welfare of our neighbor. As we look out over the year which lies ahead, let us, as it were, budget our hours, let us set aside a generous portion of time which is to be spent for the things of God: the seeking of our soul's salvation, our private devotions, our public worship, our church activities, our personal missionary endeavors, our deeds of charity. *These* are but a few of the things which God expects us to purchase with the moments he allots us.

There are many more. If God grants us another year of time, it is inevitable that we shall "spend" it; let us resolve today to "spend" it wisely.—Hymn 400 (355).

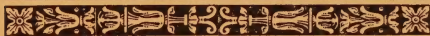


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0. D.

JUST A THOUGHT

Hasty words thoughtlessly spoken, often sep-
arate dear friends,
Leaving heart-aches and regrettings, ere misun-
derstanding ends.

It were better at such ill times, not to argue but
keep still,
Grievous words oft stir up anger, soft replies
quick tempers kill.

L. M. Zimmerman

U. D.

**In Hours
of Sorrow**

WHEN God summons home His children
They forever with Him live.

Let none wish them back to suffer—

God to them His best will give.

We may question God's care for us,

Thinking He has done us harm,

Yet, if we but knew, we'd trust Him,

Leaning hard upon His arm.

AT such times of sore bereavement
Life becomes a searching test,

Faith is challenged, courage proven,

God o'er-rules all for the best.

If we knew the cares and trials

Sainted ones above are spared,

We would love and praise our Father

Who for us has loved and cared.

BUSY hands make hearts less painful,
Bring to saddened lips a song.
Turn then from your grief to service—
In God's Vineyard you belong.
So, instead of blind surrender,
Find a place where you can be
Helpful in your Master's service,
There God's ways we clearer see.

FIELDS are ripe unto the harvest—
Hear, the Master calleth thee,
Saying, "As ye now serve others
Ye have done it unto Me."
Hence look forward and not backward,
Helping those by grief weighed down;
Bring to others consolation,
God will all your labors crown.

Dr. L. M. Zimmerman.

Loved Ones With God

In God we have a healing balm
For tears and griefs of yesterday;
He comforts every saddened heart
And cheers our lonely way.
Loved ones with God in heav'n above
No longer need our care,
'Tis we who linger here below
Who stand in need of prayer.

Some day we will be joined to those
Who share with God celestial light,
All tears shall there be wiped away
And day shall banish night.
God has but one great family,
Part live beyond and part are here,
His heaven is about us now
And He Himself is near.

Leander M. Zimmerman

No Thorn, No Rose.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

In God's nature garden,
 No thorn, no rose.
 In God's mankind garden,
 No thorn, no rose;
 Whether it be St. Paul
 Or Christ the friend of all
 For each and every one
 ★★★★★ No thorn, no rose. ★★★★★

God's grace helps us to say
 No thorn, no rose
 God's will points out the way
 No thorn, no rose.
 Though darkness hides God's face
 Yet God loves you and me
 E'n though all nature says:
 ★★★★★ No thorn, no rose. ★★★★★

Trust God and you will say
 No thorn, no rose,
 For we must all subscribe
 No thorn, no rose,
 Although the things that are
 May not be as before
 Yet, nature cries aloud
 ★★★★★ No thorn, no rose. ★★★★★

Teach us then, Blessed Lord,
 No thorn, no rose,
 That we through tears may say
 No thorn, no rose
 Then like St. Paul of old
 We too may all glory
 As by God's grace we say
 ★★★★★ No thorn, no rose. ★★★★★

Some day in Heav'n we'll sing
 No thorn, no rose
 Some day we'll know just why,
 No thorn, no rose
 God will then all explain
 And we will understand
 Meanwhile we'll trust and say
 ★★★★★ No thorn, no rose. ★★★★★

THE LENTEN REVIVAL SEASON.



By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

The Lenten Revival Season

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.



SOME men seem to find delight in belittling any special observance of the Passion Season of our blessed Lord. But because "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God," is no reason why a wise man should not worship God. And in likemanner, no thoughtful christian will ignore the blessedness of the proper observance of the Lenten Season because some abuse its holy meaning. As well refuse to use money because some counterfeit it, or refuse to be a christian because some use religion only for a cloak to cover their sins. If somebody is fool enough to go to hell, is no reason why others should neglect the means of grace.

¶ By proper penitential and prayerful observance of any Church festival, holy results will follow, and none more so than the observance of the Passion Season of our Lord.

¶ The world, the flesh and the devil, are all making fearful inroads upon things spiritual, so that there is need for calling a halt in the mad rush toward things that are carnal.

¶ Too many are trusting their soul's salvation to a mere confession of Christ, or a mere

formal reception into Church membership, instead of following and serving Jesus after a confession of faith in Him has been made. The true soldier not only confesses faith in his country, but is willing to follow his country's flag, and if needs be, die for his country's honor and glory. Surely the soldier of the Cross should not be less loyal to his Saviour and his church.

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"For me to live is Christ," is the keynote of christian living. Thus, and only thus, is there a bringing forth of fruits, meet for repentance. First, faith in Jesus, and a confession of Him as your Saviour; then good works as the fruits of a saving faith. If we truly love Jesus, we will want to follow Him and do His will.

¶ With a 'ceasing to do evil, and a learning to do good,' with Christ as the aim and joy set before us, with His mind within us to prompt

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¶ Enter homes where Jesus is neither worshipped nor served by those who profess to be His followers and see how little real christian religion is in such homes! And, as a rule, see how unhappy such homes are! "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

¶ To this end, let this be to you a personal Lenten Revival Season, that your life may grow more and more into blessed richness and not a mere selfish existence seeking for passing pleasurable emotions.

¶ That you may the better be able to say :
'I am a new creature in Christ Jesus,' avail yourself of every possible opportunity of attending the religious services, not only on Sundays but also at the Mid-week hour of worship. Look up any who may have become indifferent to things

spiritual and bring them to worship and to Jesus, lest you should at judgment be charged with guilt because you neglected your brethren.

Spend much time in communion with God. Read daily your Bible, bow often the knee in prayer, and make sacrifices both for God and for your fellowmen's spiritual welfare, for all of which you will find ample time if you have the desire and love to do so.

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L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D., - Baltimore, Md

and each book will be sent postpaid for \$1.00

LENTEN REVIVAL.

SEASON FOR 1920

And After



By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

Baltimore, Md.

“Revivals” are neither of modern origin nor of modern invention. In the early Church in Antioch there was a great revival and many were converted and added to the Church.

There is need of a great revival today. Not only for the ingathering of souls from the world into our Churches, but first of all there is needed a revival within the Church itself. Until the Church is quickened and made truly alive with spiritual life, there is little possibility of saving the world from sin.

The Passion Season, therefore, should be a truly revival season, a revival of Christian religion and religious life, a time when churches shall be thronged with anxious hearers, when many should be alarmed on account of their sins, when backsliders should be filled with reproach for wrong-doing and be reclaimed as God’s loving children. With such a spiritual awakening within the Church, we may reasonably expect a similar awakening of the community.

That this may the better prove a Lenten revival season to many, “a season of refreshing from the Lord,” it may be well to ask a few questions, that

as individuals answer them for themselves, they may in turn be enabled to examine themselves and see just how they stand on questions of vital importance.

YOU AND YOUR HOME.

How is it with you and your home? Can it truly be said of you as a parent, "As for me and my household, we are serving the Lord."

Is the family altar erected in your home? Do your children daily see and hear you *pray* and *read the Bible*?

If not, do you not think it would greatly add to the religious life of your children if you were by example and precept to thus bring them daily to the throne of grace? Would not many wayward and prodigal sons and daughters have been kept within the Master's fold, and also within the blessed precincts of a happy home, if in early life they had been reared in a religious atmosphere amid godly surroundings in their homes?

It is a good thing to go to housekeeping with Jesus, and have Him with you both in the parlor and in the kitchen.

We need to get back to that true, honest faith of our grandmothers and mothers, the faith in which many of us were taught in by-gone years.

They who fail in their religious life in the home, have weighed anchor in the face of the gale.

YOU AND YOUR CHURCH.

How is it with you and your Church? Are you one of God's loyal, loving, devout worshippers? What kind of a Church would God's Church be, if every member were just like you? Would there be any vacant seats at the hour of religious service? Is the child that does not attend the day school just as in-

telligent a scholar as the one who goes regularly to school? Can those who do not attend religious worship be as good Christians as those who are devout worshippers of God? "They that wait on the Lord renew their strength." Where is Christ the most likely to find His own "when He comes to make up His jewels?" Are you one of God's jewels today as evidenced by your faithfulness at religious services in the Church where Jesus looks for you that He may bless you?

YOU AND THE LENTEN REVIVAL SEASON.

No matter how good a parent you have been in your home, you may also have been a faithful and devout worshipper at Church. But withal, dear friend, let this be a season with you when you will endeavor even more than ever before to set a godly example to your children in your home, and in your loyalty to the Church show to the world that you have been with Jesus and learned of Him.

When we at this season follow the story of the sufferings of our blessed Saviour, as we read of His wonderful love for us, we must surely be moved to a deeper love for Him who died that we might live.

Not to worship Him, not to follow Jesus and not to serve Him, is to openly reject Him, crucify Him afresh and put Him to open shame, which no true disciple of Jesus will do.

YOU AND ALL THESE THINGS.

Reader, perhaps you are not a parent, but the same spirit that should characterize a parent in regard to the home and the Church, should be the rule and guide of your faith in things spiritual and eternal. There is a time and place for lawful amusements, but the card party, the dance, the theatre, movie, are unworthy substitutes for the home, the Sunday School, the Bible, and the Church. In other

words, "seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," and never give to secondary things the first place. Not only are the life and existence of the future home and Church involved in a proper observance of them, but also our country, for as are the homes and the Church, so will be the nation.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Make this Lenten season, therefore, your opportunity for redeeming the time and for setting your spiritual house in order.

Bend every energy of your spiritual nature to lift the soul farther from things earthly, to experiences richer and nobler, purer and holier. By penitence and self-denial, by self-abnegation and consecration, dedicate yourself unto God a living sacrifice, which is your reasonable service.

If we thus lend ourselves to God's gracious purpose, the needed revival will be attained.

As we find life in Jesus, so shall we find salvation, and in proportion as that life of Christ shines forth in our lives, shall we become a power for the salvation of those who know not God.



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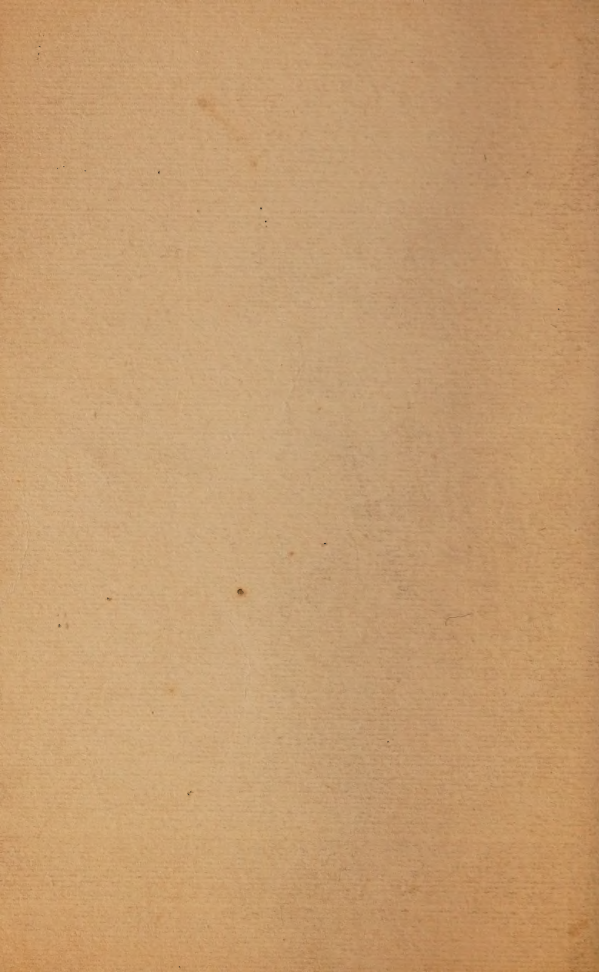
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L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D., Baltimore, Md

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kindest
Greetings.

1887

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

1917

Christ English Lutheran Church

It was 30 years ago that an All-Wise Father first directed my footsteps among the good people of Baltimore, to labor in their cause and the cause of His household. Whatever measure of success that I may have achieved in that time must be attributed to two direct causes: First—God Himself. Secondly—to YOU. For without the Grace of God I should never have been among you, and without your love and aid and sympathy could have accomplished nothing.

As in retrospect I look back upon that long human span of years my heart goes out in full love to my faithful friends and servitors of God. In my darkest hours I always have been comforted by the pleasing thought that you—both as a congregation and individually—were willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with me alike in times of adversity and of fruitfulness. Ever have our relations been of that splendid character which has served to bring forth God's richest blessings both on your pastor and yourself.

So, as a material and spiritual recognition of the grace of God during these 30 years, we shall hold a Thirtieth Anniversary on next Sunday morning, December 16, at 11 o'clock. We want you to come and help to make it a service that long will be remembered by those who participate therein. We want you

to help bring forth a manifestation of the Divine spirit that will be so glorious that none shall fail to feel its beneficence. That you will cheerfully do your part I doubt not.

At the same time let us not forget that glorious season is at hand which magnifies and makes doubly hallowed the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. As the Three Wise Men were guided by a strangely luminous star to the side of the Christ Child, so let our refulgent star of hope direct us to Him, that we may all give thanks for the manifold blessings that have been ours for the past 12 months. "On earth, peace; good-will toward men." Let that ever be our dominant thought, our fervent prayer. Let us pray that the hateful spirit of Moloch, which prompts brother to slaughter brother, may soon be in the minds of men but a hideous memory. For then can we say in a spirit that is less of earth and more of Heaven,

"A Merry Christmas, friends, and a Happy New Year."

This is the wish of your pastor. It is the will of Christ.

Lovingly and affectionately,

Your friend and pastor,

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

Dec. 11, 1917.

NOTE--PREPARATORY SERVICES JAN. 4TH, 8 P. M.

LORD'S SUPPER JANUARY 6TH, 10.30 A. M.

Write A Story

by

Dr. Leander M. Zimmerman

Write A Story

By DR. LEANDER M. ZIMMERMAN
Baltimore—Washington
(Copyright 1940, by L. M. Zimmerman)

WRITE a story of the Master,
That your fellowmen may read,
How He is the BREAD that's offered
Which will satisfy each need.

WRITE a story of the Master,
That will bring to men their sight,
Leading them from out of darkness
Unto Him who is the LIGHT.

WRITE a story of the Master,
That the world may Him adore;
To the homeless, weary trav'ler
He's the Open, Welcome DOOR.

WRITE a story of the Master,
Whose great love endures for aye,
For the lost and wayward pilgrim
He's the only saving WAY.

WRITE a story of the Master,
In Whose arms His lambs He bears,
Feeds and guards us, is our SHEPHERD,
For His flock He always cares.

WRITE a story of the Master,
In this world of sin and strife,
He, our Resurrected Saviour,
Gives to us Eternal LIFE.

WRITE a story of the Master,
He's your FRIEND in woe or weal,
Live for Him and for His glory,
Justice, truth and love reveal.

WRITE a story of the Master,
HAPPINESS you will attain,
And through your life's purposed meaning
Others too its goal will gain.

"WRITE it where?" are you now asking?
Write it in your life, I pray,
Showing by the way you're living
You with Him walk day by day.

SPEAK A GOOD WORD FOR JESUS

By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

(Copyrighted by the Author)

Jesus doth befriend His pilgrims
And He helps us ev'ry day,
With His angels He doth guard us
To keep us in the right way.

When we wander from the straight path,
Jesus calls us back again,
And with love He doth reclaim us
For His blood removes each stain.

"Come to Me," He says to each one
And in coming we find rest,
Come, oh then ye loving pilgrims
Come and give to Him your best.

"Go ye forth and make disciples"
Help to save them that are lost,
Count nothing too great an off'ring,
Jesus saved us at great cost.

Give then life's best gifts and treasures
For God gave His best to us,
Be a workman in Christ's vineyard,
Speak a good word for Jesus.

HOSPITAL MEDITATION

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

BALTIMORE - WASHINGTON

Copyrighted by the Author

I had plans that were so pleasing
And had hoped to see them
through,

But the plan of God was dif'rent
From the way I asked Him do.

So I'm here where pain has
brought me

Trusting that the Master knew,
As I suffer with the many,
What was best for me to do.

As I pray, I'll be unselfish
For my Father knows what's best,
So I'll leave all to God's mercy
Hoping I may stand the test.
Since the will of God my Father
Is the only will for me,
I will trust and be submissive,
For I know He'll with me be.

Yes, He knows, and best He loves
me

And I'll trust and love Him too,
For of all the friends I number
Jesus is the Friend most true.
He for me did suffer anguish
As upon the cross He died,
And for all there is sweet comfort
As we in His love abide.

Ah, it's sweet to know that ever
He's a Friend that's always near,
So I rest mid sweetest comforts
Even though pains be severe.
At the leaden midnight hour
I can hear His kind sweet voice
Saying: "I will never leave you,"
Thus He helps me to rejoice.

With skilled nurses and physicians
Watching o'er me night and day,
Doing all to help relieve me
In the things they do and say,
Is so dif'rent from my Master
Whom the world did crucify,
And Who seemed by God forsaken
When on Cross He cried out 'Why'!

But as God did not forsake Him
So He does not me forsake.
Rather does He let me glory
As I of His love partake,
For if now I suffer with Him
I shall also with Him reign,
When at last in Heaven's glory
I shall live free from all pain.

So instead of fret and worry
I my ardent love will show,
For my God, my nurse and doctor
And all blessings here below,
Yes I'll lift my voice to Jesus
When I lie here all alone,
For he hears me when I whisper
To Him seated on His Throne.

Thus in talking with my Saviour
I am helped by His sweet love,
As He sends me Heaven's blessing
From the Father's house above,
Even in the darkest hour
When all hope seems gone from me,
Then my Jesus gently whispers,
"I'll be all thy days with thee."

**"Ever Feel as if the Whole World
Is Against You?"**

**YOU ARE INVITED
TO
CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH
HILL ST. NEAR CHARLES ST
BALTIMORE, MD.
L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D. PASTOR**

**DIVINE WORSHIP:
11:00 A. M. AND 8.00 P. M.**

**THERE IS { A WELCOME
A MESSAGE } FOR YOU
A BLESSING }**

EVERY SEAT FREE—EVERYBODY WELCOME

"Ever Feel as if the Whole World Is Against You"

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

Copyrighted by Author

EVER feel as if the whole world is against you? That your friends of yesterday are scarcely acquaintances of the morrow? Is the chilling frost of Time beginning to blow his withering breath upon you and causing you to creep and wither and fade? Is your heart beginning to be steeled against the great world around you? Do the beauties of Nature seem as the sear and yellow leaf? Have you a secret sorrow that, like the worm in the bud, feeds on your fading cheek?

If so, friend, take an introspective view of yourself and see what you are doing to overcome these sorrows and burdens. Don't become a recluse. Get out into the world and mix with action lest you wither and despair. Take Jesus into your confidence. "Even though your sins be as scarlet, they

shall be as white as snow." He will counsel you, and there will come into your soul a leavening that shall be as spiritually refreshing as the breath of the violet.

Come to our church and breathe the spiritual air that pervades the sanctified edifice, No classes here; they are God's people who are ever willing-nay, eager-to lend a helping hand to those who are sorrow-laden. A friend in need is a friend indeed. And that friend you will always find in the Christ Lutheran Church.

Then will your mental horizon change. The song of the birds and the glad some morning sunlight will be as messengers from on High telling anew the old, old story of God's wonderful love to these His sorrowing children on earth.

There's a primrose path of spiritual happiness ahead, friend. Only seek, and ye shall find. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." A message and blessing await you.

SEND ONE DOLLAR AND GET

*"Reminiscences After Thirty
Years in the Ministry"*

By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

Press Notices.

"Extremely Interesting "

Baltimore Sun

"Replete with humor and Pathos."

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33RD ANNIVERSARY OF CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH, BALTO. MD.-L.M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D. PASTOR

My Dear Friend and Parishioner:—

HEREWITH find a Souvenir picture of your church, the place where the word of God is preached and the Sacraments administered.

IT is the altar of your devotion, the place where you united in solemn covenant with God.

LET this Church therefore claim the first place in your life, in your benevolence, works and prayers. To miss the services is to cut off the supply of the water of life which the soul needs.

IT is always easy to offer an excuse for neglect of worship of God, but no excuse has ever yet saved a soul, whereas the sermon may be a great help, especially when applied in daily life. The Divine promise is that, "they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength," for "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

GOING to church therefore is a part of the obedience we owe to God. To willfully refuse to listen to the preaching of the Gospel, is a sin against God as truly as we broke any one of His commandments:

YOUR Pastor hopes to occupy the pulpit on next Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. and would deeply appreciate your being present. He has endeavored in all these years to serve you as best as he could; he is most grateful to you for whatever co-operation you have given him, and he believes you can be depended upon as one of his loyal supporters and as one of God's faithful followers.

COME and bring with you some one from the un-churched world. "He that winneth souls is wise." Be a soul winner for Jesus' sake and God will bless you.

DEAR one, I need you. You will not disappoint me, will you?

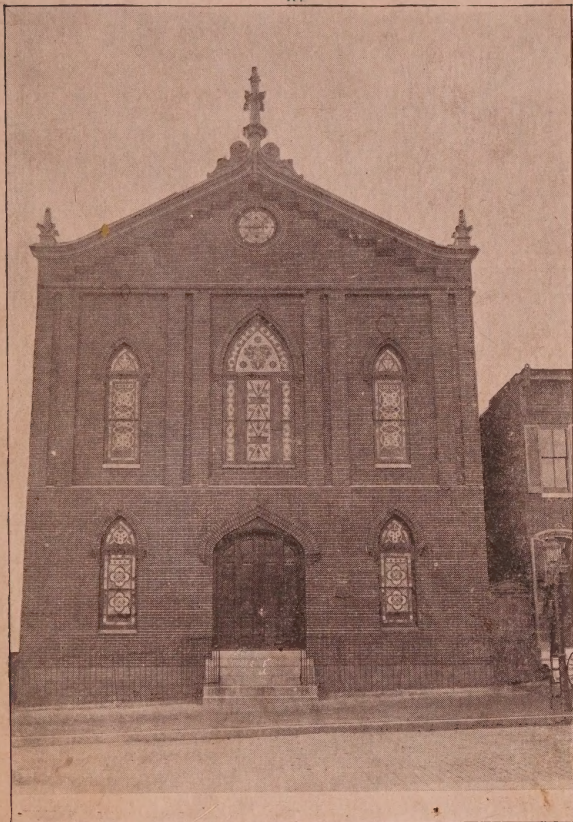
Gratefully and lovingly, Your devoted Pastor.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

September 5th, 1921

Reconsecrating Services

AT



Christ English Lutheran Church,

Rev. L. M. ZIMMERMAN, A. M., Pastor.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1894.

Historical.

Christ English Luthern Church was organized in "Triumph Hall," on Sunday, February 5th, 1888. On the 25th of November, of the same year, the congregation dedicated the present church as their home. On the first of December, or one year from the time the work was first begun, the church declared itself self-supporting. Three years later the Sunday School Room was enlarged, by the building of the Infant Department. In January, 1892, or within four years from the organization of the church, all indebtedness was paid, and the church free from debt. In the spring of 1894 it was decided to remodel and enlarge the church, and rebuild the house adjoining the church. The following were then appointed as the Building Committee: Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Chairman; Messrs. J. M. Herrman, A. H. Weaver, H. N. Richers, I. H. Robertson, J. A. Sohl and W. H. Taylor. The church has been remodeled to the extension of the church twenty-two feet. A gallery built at the south end of the church to correspond to that of the north end. The latter gallery was extended seven feet. A recess of thirty-two feet by fourteen was cut in on the east side of the church. The front of the church was also improved to the putting in of Gothic Windows and Doors, and the addition of a heavy Cornice and Tower with smaller Columns.

MEMORIALS AND GIFTS—*Continued.*

Mrs. Margaret Goetz, one window in memory of her husband, J. G. Goetz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waldkoenig, Misses Lizzie and Louisa Waldkoenig, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weller, the large front window, in memory of Mrs. Louisa Waldkoenig and daughter Emma.

Mr. Daniel Mohr, one front window in memory of his daughter, Lottie C. Mohr.

Miss Amelia Lentz, one front window in memory of her father, C. Lentz.

One window was presented by the Pastor.

The Building Committee presented a window.

H. Pierson (The Builder) gave the small front window.

Two front windows are gifts of the Sunday School; also the cornice and columns on the front of the church.

ALTAR AND REREDOS.

The Walnut Reredos is the gift of Miss Jennie Dorr, in memory of her brother, Edward Dorr.

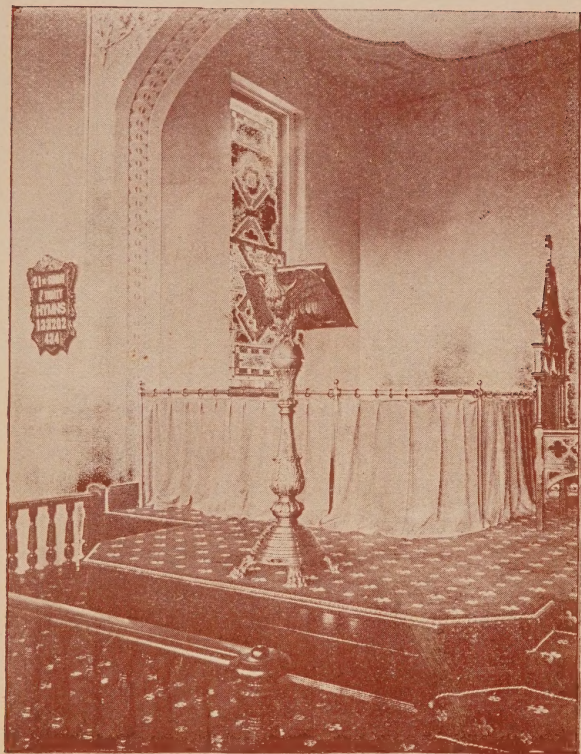
The corresponding Altar is the gift of Mr. Henry N. Richers.

ALTAR DECORATIONS.

The Two Cast Brass hand chased Altar Vases were given, one by Rev. A. H. Zimmerman, in memory of his wife, Alice Zimmerman; the other is a gift of a friend.

The Altar Desk is the gift of Mrs. Susan Ferry.

The Altar Linen for Communion (consisting of the Corporal, Sacramental Cover, two Chalice Veils, Fair Linen



MEMORIALS AND GIFTS—*Continued.*

Scarf, two Paten Covers and two Purificators) is the gift of Christin Schroeder, in memory of his mother, Christine Schroeder.

The White Altar Cloth is the gift of Mrs. Emma Weaver; the Red the gift of Mrs. Amelia Smith; the Violet is the gift of Mrs. Carrie Taylor, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Annie E. Schaefer. And jointly these three ladies gave the Black and Green Cloths.

PULPIT AND CHAIRS.

An Antique Bronze Pulpit with Gospel Emblems is the gift of Mrs. Ida Bockelman.

The two Pulpit Chairs, corresponding to the Reredos and Altar, are the gifts of Mrs. Margaret Goetz and Mrs. Minne Booth.

BAPTISMAL FONT.

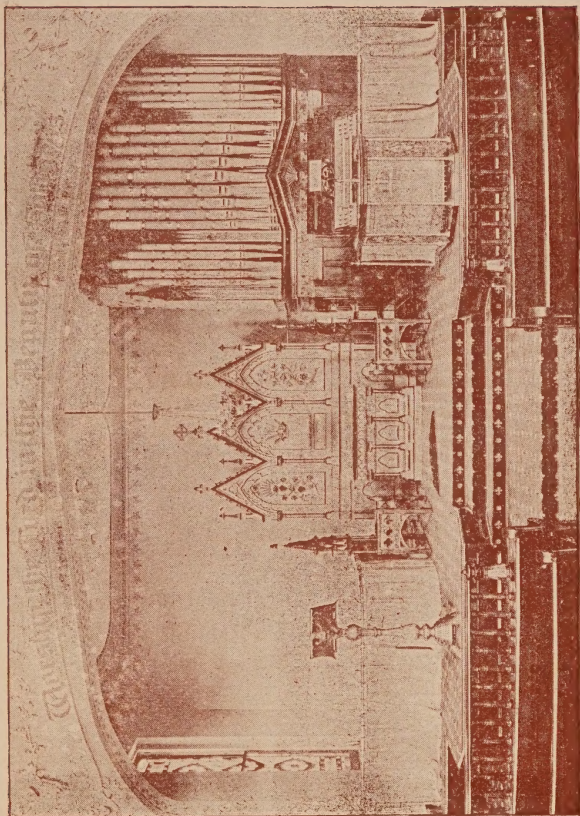
The Marble Baptismal Font with appropriate emblems is the gift of Mr. G. Mezger and sons, in memory of Mrs. Caroline W. Mezger.

HYMN TABLETS.

The Hymn Tablets on either side of the Recess are the gifts of Mr. J. Henry Schuchardt. Those in front of the Galleries were presented by Mr. Louis Hensel.

CREDENCE.

The Walnut Credence is the gift of Mr. Frank Kahline.



MEMORIALS AND GIFTS—*Continued.*

EAGLE LECTERN.

The Antique Brass Eagle Lectern is the gift of the Pastor and a few friends.

CHANCEL AND RECESS CARPET.

One hundred yards of Wilton Carpet for the Chancel and Recess was secured by the Pastor in small subscriptions from many friends.

VESTIBULE TILING.

The Tiling in the Vestibule is the gift of Mrs. E. R. Scheihing.

CHANDELIERS.

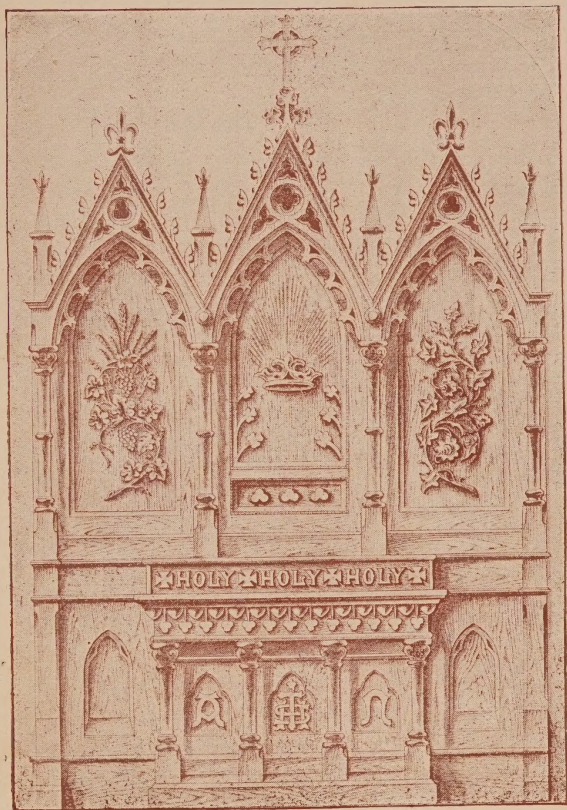
The large Prismatic Chandeliers in the church were given, one by Messrs. Columbus and Joseph Aaron in memory of their mother, Mrs. Emily Aaron; the other was given by the Building Committee.

CANDELAMBRA.

The Antique Cast Brass Candelambra in the Recess of the Church, is the gift of Mrs. Susan Ferry.

GAS BRACKETS.

The Gas Brackets for the Galleries and the Vestibule, are the gifts of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Bible Classes.



MEMORIALS AND GIFTS—*Continued.*

BRASS HAND RAILS.

The Brass Hand Rails in the Vestibule, are the gifts of Mr. Wm. Furst.

RODS AND CURTAINS FOR CHOIR.

Messrs. George H. Smith, Frank Kahline, George Demme, George Hamke, Henry Funk, John Freeburg and the Pastor, gave the Rods and Curtains for the Choir and Organ Screens.

REPAINTING ORGAN.

Mr. John L. Schreyer paid for the repainting of the Organ.

CARPETING FRONT STAIRWAYS, &c.

The Carpeting for the two front Stairways and upper Vestibule was donated by the Pastor.

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Program.

Sunday, October 14th, 1894.

11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. E. J. WOLF, D. D.,
(Rededication Exercises).

Tuesday, October 16th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. GEORGE H. MILLER, D. D.

Wednesday, October 17th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. H. H. WEBER.

Thursday, October 18th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. A. H. Studebaker, D. D.

Friday, October 19th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. W. H. DUNBAR (Preparatory Services).

Sunday, October 21st.

11 A. M. LORD'S SUPPER—Preaching by Rev. J. G. MORRIS, D. D.

8 P. M. LORD'S SUPPER—Preaching by Rev. B. SADTLER, D. D.





